

ARTHUR'S Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1856.

THE DEPOSIT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

Travellers in La Sarthe may have noticed, at a little distance from Alençon, a village called St. Paterne, situated in the edge of the forest, and, at two gun-shots from the village, the modern buildings of a large farm, whose lands extend towards La Fresnaye. This farm, which, for its excellent cultivation, might pass for a model farm, was, several years since, the property of a man, wealthy and intelligent, but singularly feared in the neighborhood. He was called M. Loisel. Engaged, at the age of fifteen years, in the first insurrection of La Vendée, he had survived the disasters of his party, and had settled in La Sarthe, where he had acquired considerable property.

Although he was sixty years old, the master of the Viviers* (that was the name of his domain) had lost nothing of his eagerness to augment his already large possessions. An implacable avenger of the least infringement on his rights, he leaned, in all things, towards the most vigorous justice; so he was hated almost as much as feared.

Dawn had begun to light up the roofs of the farm-house, whose out-buildings were still plunged in shadows; no sound was heard there, and even the two watch-dogs were asleep, with their heads resting on the edge of the barrel, which served for a kennel. The garden walls, with their crown of vines, were vaguely outlined through the dusk, when footsteps were heard in the avenue that skirted them.

Two females advanced, slowly, in company with a young man, who walked with his head down, and as if overcome with deep grief. The elder held the hand of the younger, not less afflicted than their companion, and sought to console her by kind words.

"Come, Rosine, take courage," said she, in an affectionate tone; "your separation is not to be eternal. Michel will return to us."

The young girl shook her head.

"You know what my uncle has said," murmured she, in a troubled voice.

"Yes," continued Michel, in a tone of bitterness; "while M. Loisel believed me to be the son of the farmer who had adopted and educated me, after the destruction of my family, I had no cause of complaint; he has been to me what he has been to you, severely equitable; but from the day when, in pursuance of your advice, and with the hope of exciting his interest, I informed him of my true name, I have seemed to become odious to him. Always occupied in finding fault with me, he has appeared to be waiting for an occasion to dismiss me from the farm; the discovery of my love has served as a pretext."

"Say as a cause, Michel," replied the mother, sadly. "Alas! my brother has the malady too often the consequence of riches: he despises poverty. But what matters it to you, now that you are no longer to be under his orders? Life is open before you; what hinders you from making your way in it like others? Have you not received from God intelligence and health? You will henceforth have, besides, an object to attain, never lose sight of my friend; genuine attachment is not proved by despair, but by sustained effort; labor with perseverance; my daughter will wait for you."

"You promise me this, Madame Darcy," exclaimed Michel, who had stopped.

"I promise it," repeated the elder lady, in a grave and softened tone. "Reasons, the importance of which you appreciate, prevent my allowing this marriage to take place at present. I am indebted to my brother for the education

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* The Fish Ponds.
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of Rosine, for all the comforts we have both enjoyed for the past ten years; so many services rendered impose upon us submission to the will of M. Loisel. Besides, good sense would oppose obstacles to the immediate accomplishment of this union. Rosine has no fortune, you are out of employment; it is necessary, first, to ascertain that you can live by your labor. Depart for Alençon, my friend, seek to merit the confidence of the excellent merchant into whose employ you are about to enter, and you will not delay, I hope, to assure for yourself a sufficient maintenance to enable me to confide to you the fate of my child."

Michel, whose eyes were moistened with tears, pressed the hands of Madame Darcy in his own. They had arrived at the extremity of the avenue in which they had been walking; the elder lady opened her arms to the young man.

"Let us separate here," she said, in an accent of emotion; "we have nothing more to say to each other, and we must not prolong uselessly the sadness of adieux. Your horse awaits you, you have told me, at the little gate; go, my friend, and think of us."

Michel stammered some broken words, embraced the mother and daughter, then threw himself hastily into an alley which led to another corner of the garden.

The two women remained motionless at the same spot, until he disappeared, and then sadly retraced the path to their apartment.

The departure of Michel was, in fact, almost as much a cause of sorrow to Madame Darcy, as to Rosine herself. During the two years in which the young man had kept the books of M. Loisel, she had learned to appreciate his good qualities, and to comprehend that the happiness of her daughter could not be confided to safer hands; so she had seen their affection spring up with joy, and had flattered herself that her brother would not oppose it. But everything had turned out differently from her expectations. Far from manifesting more good will for Michel on learning that he belonged to one of the noble families to whom the disasters of La Vendée had formerly brought ruin and death, he appeared, from this moment, to see him with impatience, and scarcely had he been informed of his hopes, when he requested him to offer his services elsewhere. The intervention of Madame Darcy, and the tears of Rosine were unavailing. The proprietor of the Viviers declared that his niece should never marry, with his consent, a man without fortune and without position; that he wished for her an alliance which should fortify his own importance, and that the two women might choose between the young man and himself.

The adieux of Michel have already made known to the reader what had been his choice. Without renouncing a union which she continued to approve, Madame Darcy thought it necessary to postpone it. Thanks to her recommendation, Michel obtained a situation with one of the richest manufacturers in the department, and was now setting out, as we have seen, to enter on its duties.

Having almost reached the corner of the garden where the little gate was, at which he was to go out, the young man slackened his pace involuntarily, and looked behind him. Two vague forms glided in the distance behind the trees, and were insensibly lost in the fogs of the morning. Michel followed them with his eyes with an inexplicable emotion. He had, perhaps, just seen for the last time, her who had been associated, until then, with his plans for the future. He felt his heart swell, and remained on the same spot, as if stunned by this sorrowful thought.

Almost at the same moment, a slight noise of rustling branches resounded at a little distance: the young man, absorbed in his reflections, paid no attention to it.

Meanwhile, a gray head suddenly rose amid the vines which adorned the top of the walls of the orchard; it turned in every direction to interrogate the half-obscure which still enveloped the garden; but a group of shrubs concealed Michel. Reassured by the silence, it rose higher, and quickly brought to view the whole bust of a man, poorly clad, to whose shoulders hung an old game-bag made of russet leather. Age and misery had imprinted their sad marks on his whole person. His appearance was pitiful, his movements uncertain, his countenance anxious. After having recognized, on the opposite side of the wall, the fissures which had assisted him in climbing it on preceding days, he stepped upon the top, seated himself, and was seeking with his foot a point of support, in order to descend, when Michel suddenly awoke from his reverie, and resumed his walk towards the little gate.

His unexpected apparition seemed to cause as much fear as surprise to the nocturnal visitor. He precipitately stooped on the top of the wall, placed his right foot in the first interstice he could find, and reached down his left foot to seek a second; unfortunately, the point of support to which he trusted himself gave way under him, his hands slipped, and he fell in the middle of the thorns and nettles outside the wall.

At the sound of this fall, Michel raised his head; but the daylight was yet too faint to enable him to distinguish the broken trellises and crushed vines, which alone could have made him comprehend the whole. He therefore did not stop to seek the cause of what he had heard, and, continuing his way to the little gate, of which he drew the bolt, found himself in the fields.

He was about to cross a field of lucern in flower, to reach his horse, when heavy groans attracted his attention. He listened: the sound came from the high grass at the foot of the wall. Michel advanced with a sort of uncertainty towards the direction of the groans; a moving and plaintive object appeared. He quickened his pace, and found himself beside the injured man.

"The Roller!" exclaimed he, in astonishment. "Ah! save me, Master Michel," stammered the man with the game-bag, as he writhed

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among the brush; "I am killed! I am dead!"

"Come," resumed the young man, who did not suspect the seriousness of the fall; "you drank too much this evening at the *Red Cross*, and you have just awoke with a soreness in your bones."

"No, no," sighed the *Roller*, "do not think so, Master Michel; as true as I am a Christian, I am killed! See how my blood flows."

"Blood!" repeated Michel, in surprise; "what is the matter then? what has happened to you?"

In spite of his sufferings, the *Roller* had the presence of mind not to reply to this last question. He began to redouble his complaints, mingling them with a story which it was impossible to understand, and which confirmed his listener in the thought that his fall was the result of intoxication. He urged him to make an effort to rise, but all his attempts to do so were useless. Michel, seeing that he could not walk, went in search of his horse, on which he seated him, proposing to return to the farmhouse, which was the nearest habitation; but the *Roller* obstinately refused, and demanded to be led to his cabin, which was on the outskirts of the village.

When he arrived there, his companion raised him in his arms, and deposited him on a heap of straw, which served as his bed. He afterwards wished to leave him, in order to summon the physician of St. Paterne; but the wounded man detained him with a broken voice:

"Do not abandon me," exclaimed he. "If I am left here, I am a lost man!"

"I must summon a physician," observed Michel.

"No," replied the mendicant, "I do not want any! All I want now, is something to drink."

The young man looked around him, and found only a pitcher of water, and a bottle of brandy. The *Roller* wanted brandy, affirming that nothing was better for falls, and giving, as a proof of this, that physicians order it for bruises; but he could not convince Michel, who contented himself with handing him the pitcher, and who was preparing to summon assistance, notwithstanding his opposition, when M. Loisel appeared at the door of the cabin.

The proprietor of the *Viviers*, who always rose early to visit his farm, had just perceived the horse of the young man at the door of Francois, and had entered to learn what Michel could be doing there at such an hour.

On perceiving him, the wounded man made a gesture of fear, and attempted to rise; but his strength failed. M. Loisel inquired what had happened, and Michel told him how he had found the *Roller* unable to move, near the garden wall.

"And what were you doing there?" asked the master of the *Viviers*, fixing his eyes on Francois.

The latter made an effort to raise his hand, and, taking off his cap, said:

"Pardon me, sir. I was there in spite of my-

self, the proof of which is, that I could not rise alone, or put one foot before the other."

"But how did you fall?"

"Alas!" said the beggar, "as people always do, from awkwardness and misfortune."

"I found him under the old wall, near one of the large stones placed as an abutment," observed Michel.

The proprietor raised his head hastily.

"Then he was on the side of the great crevice?" asked he.

"At the very place of the breach which you intended to have repaired."

M. Loisel struck the ground with the stick he was holding in his hand.

"The rascal has fallen in an attempt to climb the wall," said he.

"It is not true!" exclaimed the *Roller*, with a precipitation which confirmed the suspicions of the master.

"You were leaving the garden, or entering it," resumed he, threateningly.

"Not at all, not at all," stammered Francois; "what could I do in your garden? I have no business with your apricots."

"So, you know that there are some?" observed M. Loisel.

"That is to say—there should be—" replied the disconcerted *Roller*; "everybody knows that farmers seek good fruit."

"Then it is you who have robbed me for the last fortnight?"

"Do not repeat such things," said Francois, becoming insolent, in order not to appear disturbed; "you should not torment poor people when you have no proof."

"I will have it!" interrupted the master of the *Viviers*, whose looks rested on the game-bag, which the *Roller* had pushed into a corner.

And hastily approaching it, he seized the cord, drew it to him, opened the bag, and out rolled some of the finest fruits of his garden.

The proof was too irresistible for the *Roller* to deny it longer; so, changing his tone, he began to implore the indulgence of the master of the *Viviers*. But the latter, hastening to the door, summoned a boy from the farm, who was approaching, ordered him to take the horse at the door, and bring a justice of the peace without delay.

The justice soon arrived, and commenced to interrogate the *Roller*.

The latter made a full confession, intermingled with justifications, regrets, and prayers. He related, in broken confidence, his entire life delivered to evil influences, or to the temptations of poverty. Like many others, he had received from his parents only the wretched existence with difficulty prolonged up to this time. The justice hoped that this confession would soften the accuser, but the latter insisted on a warrant being made out, and placed his signature to it with almost joyful eagerness. In his capacity of witness, Michel was obliged to do the same; M. Loisel handed him the pen.

"And especially sign your real name," observed he, seeing the young man pause over

the paper; "write, legibly, Michel De Villiers."

The *Roller*, who was writhing on his bed, suddenly stopped.

"De Villiers?" repeated he, turning; "then your name is not Loumand?"

"That is the name of him who educated me," repeated Michel; "My father's name was De Villiers."

"Henri De Villiers?"

"Yes."

"Did he serve in La Vendée?"

"Under M. De Lescure."

"It is he," said Francois, raising himself up. "I must see him immediately."

"Do you not know that I am an orphan?" interrupted Michel.

The *Roller* struck his forehead.

"It is true," said he; "but you are his son and sole heir?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then, it is with you that I have to deal; perhaps you may even know my business?"

He was leaning over the edge of the bed, and his hands were convulsively searching among the straws, from which he drew a fragment of cloth, wrapped about a shapeless object. M. Loisel hastily approached.

"It is many years since this was confided to me," said the wounded man; "at the time of the passage of the Loire by the royalists, after the butchery of Mans."

"Well?" interrupted M. Loisel, impatiently.

"Well, I fled towards Brittany, like everybody else," continued the wounded man; "and was waiting at Carquefon an opportunity to cross the water, when another fugitive arrived at the farm where I was concealed. He had just encountered some dragoons, and received three sabre-wounds; so he had but a short time to live. When he saw that he must die, he summoned all the people about the farm, and gave me this, making me swear to convey it to Henri De Villiers."

"And you have not fulfilled this promise," said the justice.

"Because I have sought in vain for a person known by this name."

"But you undoubtedly know the name of him from whom you received this deposit?"

"Certainly," replied Francois; "it was a waiter from the *Lion of Angers*, called William."

M. Loisel hastily moved, and changed countenance.

"All this can be verified," observed the justice, whom the emotion of the master had not escaped. "Let us see what this fragment of cloth contains?"

"Not much," replied Francois; "only a piece of a tin plate, with some scribbling, which I have never been able to read."

"We will see what it is," resumed the justice, approaching the window; "for here are needed some lines engraven on the metal."

The proprietor of the *Viviers* turned pale, and the justice read aloud:

"I, the undersigned, acknowledge having re-

ceived from William, of the Lion of Angers, three hundred and twenty louis d'ors, a watch, set with diamonds, and two rings, constituting a deposit, confided by Henri De Villiers, which deposit I promise to restore to him or his heirs on demand

"Duplicated at Varades, the 3rd of January, 1794."

"And the signature?" hastily asked Michel.

"The signature ought to be known to you, for it is that of M. George Loisel."

The young man started back with an exclamation of surprise, and the proprietor of the *Viviers* closed his eyes, as if seized with dizziness.

But the *Roller*, who had heard it, rose.

"George Loisel! Is it possible? But why have you not returned it, then?"

"The receipt is a falsehood—a calumny!" stammered Loisel.

"There is yet another proof," added the *Roller*.

"A proof!" murmured Loisel, more and more alarmed.

"Yes, the copy of the receipt. If the church of Varades has not been re-paved, it will be found under the seventh stone from the *Venitier*. William told me this when he gave me the piece of plate."

There was silence. The beggar enjoyed the confusion of the man to whom he had vainly pleaded a few moments before. Michel seemed to be the sport of a dream, and the justice was the first to break silence.

"It is difficult to doubt so many proofs," said he, with grave severity, and M. Loisel did not think it prudent to deny any more. His pride gave way; he dropped into a chair. The justice retired apart with Michel, and they conversed in a low tone; at last they approached.

"I hope this matter may be arranged without scandal," said Michel.

"Provided M. Loisel shall be accommodating," said the justice.

M. Loisel raised his head, and his look eagerly interrogated his two questioners.

"What would you?" asked he, in a low and husky voice.

"You are not ignorant of the affection of M. De Villiers for your niece," resumed the justice; "a marriage would unite the interests of the two families, and render all reference to the past unnecessary."

M. Loisel appeared to hesitate.

"Remember, that both your fortune and your honor are at stake," resumed the justice. "The proofs furnished by the *Roller* are too undeniable not to convince the judges if brought to trial. Put an end to this unpleasant business, by giving your consent to a marriage which will make the joy of your sister and her daughter; good impulses are sometimes good calculations."

* To those of our readers who look upon this as an invention of romance, we refer to the Memoirs of Madame La Rochefoucault. They will see that in the wars of La Vendée, not only receipts, but the registry of the births of the children of the proscribed, were engraved with a nail on tin, enclosed in boxes, and buried, in order to serve in a later period as titles.

Whether from shame or emotion, M. Loisel could not reply; but he waved his hand in token of consent, and darted from the cabin.

A month afterwards, Michel De Villiers espoused Mademoiselle Darcy, who brought, as a dowry, a large part of the revenues of the Villiers.

The public admired the generosity of M. Loisel,

and Michel left him all the glory of it, keeping silence on the subject of the deposit confided to him by William.

But he never forgot the service which Francois had rendered; and, thanks to him, the latter could end his days without being any more exposed to the temptations of poverty.

THE LABORING MAN.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Blest be the lab'ring man,
Who works with ready hand,
Content to sow, to reap, and mow,
And plough the barren land!

To fertilize the plain,
And make the desert bloom—
To plant the golden wheat and rye,
Where erst was swampy gloom;

Thro' joy and sorrow here, in life's short span,
My prayer shall be, God keep the lab'ring man!

Blest be his rough, hard hands,
Embrowned with toil!
I love them, for they till
My country's soil!

Blest be his brave true heart,
Though silken vest,
And chains of jewelled gold
Fold not his breast!

The foremost form in liberty's proud van,
Earnest and true. God bless the lab'ring man!

Let soft-brained dandies sneer,
And rouge-daubed misses scorn—
Shame! that in our fair land
Such dastards should be born!

Go on in hollow deeds,
Worse than a senseless void,
The laboring man's a glorious sun
And thou, an asteroid!

Sweat, laborer, if thou wilt, angels' coral wings
shall fan
Thy heated brow and parched lips. God bless the lab'ring man!

The brave, strong sons of truth,
Defenders of the frail,
Oh, let their noble deeds be borne
Abroad by every gale.
Their faith and trust in Heaven,
Their standards raised on high,
Until the gorgeous upper folds
Are lost in ether sky!

Through joy and sorrow here, in life's short span,
My prayer shall be, God bless the lab'ring man!

"TIS SWEET TO BE REMEMBERED."

BY MAGGIE STEWART.

It is sweet to be remembered,
E'en when Life's sky is bright;
It adds new fragrance to the flower,
New radiance to the light.
And birds 'mong leafy branches,
Sing with a sweeter tone;
Hope's altar-fire it kindleth,
To know we're not "alone."

It is sweet to be remembered,
When skies are dark with gloom,
And tried and trusted friendships
Are buried in the tomb;
It makes our hearts grow lighter,
When faith is growing dim;
And lifts our spirits Heavenward,
To trust and lean on Him.

It is sweet to be remembered
By the loved ones far away,
And the kindly words they send us,
Sheds a gentle, cheering ray.
Oh! are we still remembered?
Say we softly 'mid our tears,
Will they keep our mem'ry sacred,
Through the weary, toilsome years?

It is sweet to be remembered
When the dying hour is near,
For the prayers of our beloved
Make our weak faith more clear,
And to Death's dark shadowy angel,
A lovely smile is given.
Ah! 'tis best to be remembered
By that better Friend in Heaven.

COLDWATER, Michigan, Aug. 5th, 1886.

IDYL.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

CHAPTER I.

The Mangler.

The old, old story of poverty and suffering, how long must it be told? The old plaint of "man's inhumanity to man," that in all the records of the past has been set to such mournful music!—when shall it be ended? Not till the new heaven and new earth shall be formed, and all the Father's sublime purposes fulfilled, mankind stands forth, a being created in his image, and without sin, made wise and noble by all his sufferings and sacrifices, as the angels themselves. But my purpose is not to write a homily, but a tale that shall stir the sympathies, and, I hope, improve the hearts of my readers.

The September gale of 18—had set in. Never seemed wind and rain more terrible to those, who, well fed, and well housed, could look in security from their sealed windows, and watch the antics of the storm—how then did it fall upon the houseless, or those to whom the word "home," connected with four broken walls, a fireless hearth, and crazy windows, seemed a mockery.

In an old court, so cheerless that the passer-by might shudder at a glance up its dilapidated path and gloomy houses, were several ancient tenements, occupied by swarms of human beings. At the best window of all these, hung a little, cracked sign—"mangling done here." Sometimes, beside that sign, appeared a homely, weather-beaten face, in a limp-cap border, and, sometimes, a beautiful cherub, whose eyes looked sunshine, almost, into the dreary court. Within, in one corner, lay an invalid upon a comfortable bed. Her face was very wan, very ghastly, yet expressive of resignation and Christian faith. A mangle stood in the corner opposite, a cradle by the fire-side; there was a poor flame upon the hearth—a plain deal table in the center of the room—and cleanliness was "abundant."

"I guess, deary, you'll take a little sip of tea now—'tain't none o' the strongest," said the old lady—for lady, by the soft accent of her tongue, and gentleness of her manner, she deserved to be called—"come, now," she continued, going up to the bedside, "shan't I make you one?"

"Yes, if you please, Hannah," responded the sick woman, faintly, unclosing her eyes; "but I feel so quiet, so very quiet and comfortable, so free from pain, that I hardly wanted to think much less to speak or move; but perhaps it is better I should."

"You've felt nicely, all day, dear, haven't you?" queried the nurse, proffering the refreshing beverage, after she had propped her charge with pillows, and thrust gently back a tress of fine, golden hair that had escaped from under her cap. "I do raly hope the good Lord'll look

down and smile upon you, so that you'll git strong enough, maybe, to go to the winder agin, and if you should live till the spring, why, then——"

"I shall never live till the spring, Hannah," murmured the other, instantly adding, with a nervous energy peculiar to consumptives, "haven't you seen—I mean—haven't you *thought*, all day, that this delicious ease—this freedom from suffering, *means* something?"

"There! now you've made me spill the saucer right in your night-gown," cried Hannah, while her lip quivered violently, and the sudden tears blinded her. "I shouldn't think, Miss West, you'd speak in that way—a body can't help knowing what you mean by your looks," and giving one short, heavy sob, Hannah replaced cup and saucer on the table, flung her apron, once, up to her eyes, dashed it away again, and gave one side-glance at her mistress, as she went towards the window.

"Isn't it a *very* bad storm, Hannah?" asked the weak, faint voice again, this time sinking into a half-audible whisper.

"Awful! I ain't seen anything so bad for a dozen years or more," replied the mangler.

"He won't be here, then, to-night," murmured Alice West. "I did feel, as if, perhaps, he might. Hannah, won't you get my brother's letter, and read it to me once more?"

"Yes, my dear; on'y you wait till I git a candle lighted, for it's getting too dark for my old eyes to read—now, you jest be easy a minute—I've got enough left for the night through, thank the Lord, and a little wood in the closet, and a loaf of bread, and tea enough for a day or two, saying you should drink it three times—there—now I'm ready—let me see—I put the letter behind the bit of glass—here it is;" and sitting down, with the little candlestick in one hand, and the letter in the other, she commenced reading. The bright eyes of the sick woman were fastened on her face, as Hannah waded, in her slow manner, through the common-places in the first part of the letter, for Colonel Brent, by whom it had been written, used both pen and style of the old school, and Hannah's eyesight was poor.

"As to your son," she continued, in a monotonous undertone, still reading—"I will take him to my heart and to my home; he shall be, in all respects, as if he were my own child. I have wealth, fame, influence; all shall be used for his benefit. Should he please me, and by a dutiful deportment confirm my hopes and strengthen my attachment, then, in case of my death, he will be my heir. I shall come and see you to-morrow, or the next day. I am, at present, kept by most important business, which will detain me till then."

"*Important business* and his dying sister," murmured the sick woman, while the large

tears overbrimmed her eyes—"how could he?" "Never mind, dear," said Hannah, nervously rearranging the pillows; "he hasn't seen you for so long, and then the family quarrel, and prejudice, you know"—just then the wind, with one terrific howl, swept up the little court, and dashed against the frail lights of the window. A stream of cold, wet air, told that it had burst in the glass. Alice West lifted herself feebly to look, while Hannah, with many an exclamation, set herself to work to repair the injury.

"There, it's all right again, dear—now, do try to sleep, and get some rest. I hate to see them eyes so wide open."

"O, Hannah!" exclaimed the consumptive, her thoughts reverting to the letter; "he has said nothing about the religious education of dear little George, and I was so particular to speak of it in my letter—and he has not even replied to my wish that you should accompany my darling. What am I to think?"

"Trust that to the Lord, darling. The Colonel didn't think my coming important enough to speak of; of course, he wouldn't separate George and I—he must know it would e'en a'most break my heart to leave him; not that I want an easy place—I warrant, I'll work hard enough to 'arn my vittles, but I feel as if I must look after the child. But la! dear, you may be spared many a year yet."

"No—not another day," exclaimed Alice West, with a voice and manner that startled Hannah almost out of her self-possession. "Ever since yesterday at twilight, I have felt a certainty that my life is almost ended—and, oh! if it wasn't for my child," she added, in a broken voice, "it would be sweet—sweet to go."

"You have given him to the Lord," whispered Hannah, in a husky voice.

"Yes, yes—oh! He will hear a dying mother's prayer; He will listen to the agonizing cries I have sent to his throne; yes—I fear not; though temptations surround him—though he be nurtured in moral darkness, my prayer stands before Him. He cannot prove recreant to His promise," she added, with an appealing look at her faithful watcher.

"Never!" said Hannah; and in the dim light there gathered a great beauty over the rough, unhandsome face of the honest, God-praising mangle, as, with her strong faith, she comforted the dying.

CHAPTER II.

A Glimpse Backwards.

An hour passed: a sort of slumber seemed to have fallen upon the sick woman. She laid perfectly still, her eyes half closed, a sweet smile resting on her worn features. The door opened softly, and from the next room came a girl of fifteen years, bearing a beautiful burden in her arms.

"Here's Georgy," she whispered; "see, he fell asleep in my arms, while I was telling him 'Tom Thumb,' and I thought I'd bring him in, just so."

"Bless him!" murmured the nurse, rever-

ently lying back a mass of curls that had fallen before his face; "she's failing very fast," she continued, in answer to a mute, enquiring look; "I'm afraid she won't stand it till morning. She's kind o' sleepy now, but she said, when you brought him back, she should like to kiss him—so, I guess I'll speak to her. I'm 'fraid it's the last chance, poor thing!"

The girl followed her timidly to the bedside; Hannah held the lovely cherub in her arms, and said, softly, "here's Georgy."

The sleeper did not stir. Hannah touched the thin, white hands that laid clasped together, then her face grew very pale, and she drew back with a sort of terror; but, in a moment, bursting into tears, she cried, in heart-rending accents—"oh! poor baby—she'll never look at you again—she'll never speak to you again! she's dead! she's dead!"

The girl fled from the room, and soon it was filled with sympathizing, but clamorous neighbors, some of whom surrounded the cradle of the child—others, the corpse of the poor mother, who died so easily, she gave no sign.

"What's to become of the poor boy?" asked one of the women.

"I hear he's given to Colonel Brent," replied another; "if so, the Lord pity him, for he's the greatest kind of an atheist; don't believe in God, or Heaven, or anything."

"He's given to a higher than him," exclaimed Hannah, sternly, stopping her tears for a moment, and speaking half indignantly—"he's given to the Lord, woman! His dying mother, with her last breath, and strength, and failing life, gave him to the Lord, and if a thousand infidels brought him up, the Lord would have a care for him, and save him, too;" and letting the tears fall again, she went to the bed where stood the officious neighbors, and motioning them away, she said: "I don't want anybody to do this but myself. I held her when she was born, and next to her own mother, I am the one to lay her out. I've got every thing," she added, with a sorrowful smile—"these hands earned her shroud—so, neighbors, though I thank ye for your kindness, I'd rather be alone." And they all, respecting her grief, left the room silently.

Hannah had been in the family of her mistress ever since she was five years of age, and she was now over forty. When she was yet a young and awkward girl, little loved, little thought of, or cared for, anyway, Alice Brent was born. On this child she lavished the wealth of her warm heart, and the angel-like girl returned her affection with an eager love. Mrs. Brent was a fashionable—I had like to have said heartless—mother, who left her children much to the care of servants, and it was fortunate that this homely, tender, and christian girl had charge of the little Alice—for her devotion and affection for the child were singularly unselfish, and as rare as disinterested. Lionel Brent, the brother of the little Alice, was a young man, some twenty years her senior—a proud, passionate, headstrong, daring fellow, utterly devoid of principle, yet, strange to say, gentle-

manly in his demeanor, and choice in his selection of friends. Alice was his pet and his plaything. Her little wardrobe, gorgeous as a queen's—her play-room, a museum of splendid and curious toys. As she grew older, he would laugh at her quaint old notions, as he called her conscientious scruples, always declaring that it was well enough for women to be saints; but he never tried to infect her pure mind with the poison of his infidelity. At the age of seventeen, she married his mortal enemy, for which deed he never forgave her; and, not content with showering his displeasure upon her, he secretly worked the ruin of her husband. She never knew it. She saw the change come slowly, but surely, and at last, at one blow, knew herself to be the widow of a gambler and a suicide, not ten years after her unhappy marriage. During all this time of sorrow and affliction, Hannah had been her faithful servant; had dressed three little babes in their first robes, and laid them out, with her own hands, in their last. The parents of Alice both died during the prevalence of an epidemic, and of their large fortune she received only a pittance from her brother, who was the sole heir. Pressed to the earth with poverty, a babe in her arms, whose advent had been perilously hastened by the shock of her bereavement; forsaken by her brother, who could not see the ruin he had wrought, and who had left home for a foreign tour—broken in health, and with the hectic on her cheek, poor Alice had now no friend but Hannah. A hard winter came on. The poor suffered, as, in this land of plenty, they had never suffered before; but Hannah toiled late and early, denying herself food and rest, that her mistress, as she still called her, might not go supperless to bed. Disease came on like a giant. The physician, whom the faithful servant called in, said, frankly, that medical skill would avail nothing; that the days of Alice were numbered, and medicine would but torture her. He recommended nutritious food, and plenty of it.

"Please God she shall never want for that," said Hannah, and she never did; for her strong hand, strong heart, and stronger will, supplied both mother and child with luxuries, while a crust of bread was often all her meal. A week previous to the time in which Alice is introduced to the reader, Hannah read in a daily paper of the return of Lionel, now Colonel Brent; and Alice, with the feverish haste of disease, had written to him, picturing her distress, her forlorn situation, and begging him to take care of her child when she should be gone. She asked no other favor—she asked that with fear and trembling, for she had always been afraid of her brother—his nature was not, as the term is, *en rapport* with hers. How could it be? She was a gentle, childlike Christian, an incarnation of truth, purity, and virtue; he was a cold and unbelieving sensualist, whose divinity was his own body, and whose gods were his perverted tastes. She implored him, not knowing the strength of his atheistic belief, to bring up the boy in the fear of God, as he would

hope for a blessing hereafter. She begged that Hannah, who had been with him from his infancy, might still remain his nurse, as the child was much attached to her: all this she asked for the child, nothing for herself, not even that he would call and see her. It might be that an instinctive feeling taught her that he would need no summons—that he would fly, remembering his olden love and tenderness, and watch her last moments—but the reader has heard the most important part of his answer. Return we to the dead.

CHAPTER III.

The Colonel's Arrival.

Still the storm wind lengthened its melancholy wail—still beat the rain drops in a frantic storm-dance against the window, and voices howled and shrieked, and mingled with the war of the angry elements. Hannah had built a fire and trimmed her candle—had thrown a snow-white sheet over the corpse, after kissing the marble forehead again and again—after laying the small, wasted hands, lovingly together—and taken her seat by the hearth, where, bending her head upon her hands, and resting her elbows upon her knees, she swayed herself to the mournful cadence of her thoughts.

"Ah!" she muttered, as she watched from under her hands the white light of the fire, playing in wandering flashes upon the counterpane—"it's a dreadful wild night to keep watch with the dead; but I'll do it all of myself. Poor soul! and here's the boy sleeping as sweetly as if there was no trouble for him in the world. Lord help him to bear it when it comes, poor child! I'll put the wials away—they break my heart, almost, to see them standing there, and *she'll* never want them again—what *can* that be?" she cried, suddenly ceasing to rock the baby, sitting bolt upright, and listening.

It grew distinct, the rattle of a carriage up the paved court—then a noise, as of clumsily undoing a door—a loud voice, that made its shouting heard above the clamor of the wind, then a thundering knock on the outside of the old house. Hannah trembled, she knew not why, and sprang for the candle as if she would guard the sleeping child with her life. It seemed to her, vaguely, as if danger threatened her boy; nor was she reassured, when the girl, who lived in the next room, looked in to say that a man wanted to see her.

"He must come up, then," whispered Hannah—"if it *should* be him," and turning, she drew down her cape, smoothed back her hair, and had just composed her visage when Colonel Brent entered.

He was a tall man—startlingly tall, with raven hair, and a bearing of power that made his assumption seem more like superiority. He paused as he entered, his features grew pale, and he uncovered his head.

"So—so—my poor sister—gone," he whispered.

"Yes, sir," replied Hannah, answering to his self-convicting thoughts—"and no hand of re-

lation, or even of friend, except poor old Hannah's, to close her eyes."

"I—I would have come before—but—really" he began with a softer voice—"I did not think it was so bad as *this*—why—why did she not apply to me for aid? Really, I thought she was, at least, in *comfortable* circumstances."

"And so she was, sir, as far as I could make them so," said Hannah, with a trembling voice; "she did not want for food, (though)—she might have added—"I did, many a time,) and as to applying to you, you were in India when she was at the worst. Will you look at her, sir?"

"No—no," said the Colonel, in distinct monosyllables, nervously, waving his hand—"I have no fancy for stamping dead faces on my memory. Where is the boy?"

Hannah stooped over the sleeping boy. The tears blinded her, and she was indignant at the want of feeling displayed towards the remains of an only sister; but she drew away the cotton cloth from the head of the cradle, disclosing a face of such rare beauty, that the cold man before her was betrayed into an exclamation of astonishment.

"Exquisite! what a lovely boy!" he said, looking intently at the child—"not a West feature—all 'Brent,'" he continued; "so much the better—I shall be proud of him."

"You can't help being proud of him, sir," said Hannah, with a glistening eye; "I'm proud of him myself, though it's a sin I'm sometimes sorry for. His mother was very much troubled about him before she died, though she put her trust in God, like a good christian; (the Colonel winced) but she wanted me to say to you, sir, that if you took him, as of course you will, she would have you pay particular attention to his religious training. It's a sad thing for such a mother as that to leave her son, sir. She was so pure, and good, and patient. I'm sure, if she'd lived, she would have brought the child up to be a minister, or some such holy man—and as you said nothing about it in your letter, why, she thought I had better say to you, that you—"

"How old is the child?" asked Colonel Brent, in a voice whose impatience startled her.

It took the good woman a moment to collect her wits, at this unceremonious interruption; and, with a glance expressive of astonishment, she answered: "Just three years old, Christmas Eve."

"Well—has he got anything fit to wear?"

"Of course he has!" exclaimed the indignant Hannah.

"Then bundle him up—for I have a woman in the carriage out here to take him; only don't let him cry. I hate to hear children cry."

"O, sir!" cried Hannah, standing transfixed before this abrupt command.

"I came after him to-night, of course. And if I had not, is it well to leave the boy in the confusion that will necessarily ensue at the funeral? Is it not better to place him where his grief will be softened, and old associations

worn off—why, woman, you look like a statue."

"O, sir! I feel very badly," said Hannah, with a distressed look, and beginning to cry; "it is so soon to take him, and I *must* stay by my mistress till all is over; but—but—perhaps it is best—though I may not come for three or four days yet—perhaps it is best."

"Yes, come and see him as soon as all things are decently done; here's money for the funeral—of course, he is attached to you. I have a very good nurse engaged," he added, coldly.

Hannah turned deadly pale, and gasped. The nurse she had just received, fell from her powerless hands to the floor, as she cried out—"then I—I am not to go with him—oh! Mr. Lionel, it was his *mother's* wish—his dying mother's wish."

"Of course you're not," said Colonel Brent, in a calm voice; "her written wish reached me too late. I had engaged a French woman—a very excellent and dignified *lady*, at exorbitant wages, to take charge of my little foster daughter, Kate; of course, one woman will be enough to attend to both children. Now, madam, I beg you will spare me a scene."

"You shall—not—have him—you *shall* not have him!" cried Hannah, in low, but fearfully frantic tones. "I have nursed him and cared for him since the day of his birth, as I did his mother before him—oh, sir! *don't* part us now!" she implored, stretching her hands before the cradle, in an agony of apprehension. "I'll work for him—*slave* for him; I'll save you all the trouble of bringing him up. I am not so poor, oh, no—I can keep the boy—he loves me," she added, great tears running down the hollows of her cheeks—"he loves me dearly—and I love him; my very heart is bound onto him—don't part us! I'll work like your slave," she continued, seeing the Colonel endeavoring to speak—"from garret to cellar, and from cellar to garret, I'll delve and dig, if you'll only let me be in the house with him. For the sake of her, your dead sister—oh! for her sake—her sake—" her grief was choking her, she could say no more, but stood panting and suffocating beneath the burden of this threatened agony.

"Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed the heartless man, in an angry voice. "I tell you I shall take the child to-night—and I have a nurse already engaged; is that enough?"

"O, my boy! my Georgy, my innocent lamb!" cried Hannah, almost falling upon the cradle, and, for a moment, burying her face in the pillows; then snatching him in her arms, she kissed him wildly, letting her tears run amidst his golden locks. "I must give you away, my sweet Georgy! I must give you away! Oh! I didn't think of this one hour ago; I didn't think of this! Look! I am on my knees to you—I have served you and yours faithfully—oh! let me only be an under servant in the house where this child is! I will only speak to him sometimes—but I shall see him every day. I ask it only for love—oh! don't, don't curse me with a denial—don't!"

"Get up, woman, and have done with your

acting. Jake, bring in that fur wrapper, and be ready to take this child," he continued, going to the door. "Now, woman, be quick with your leave-taking."

Poor Hannah had risen from her knees, and stood with the sleeping child all gathered to her bosom, stood glaring upon him, with her great, hollow, gray eyes. A thousand curses raged in her heart, that only her christian impulses kept from her ashy lips. She looked down, long, yearningly, upon the innocent face, that for so many hours had been her light, almost her only comfort. She looked from him to the corpse,

mutely wondering, perhaps, why no voice came forth in protest against this outrage; she looked from thence to heaven, and then her soul cried out for help, and help came. Calmly she gave the boy up, although it seemed as if every heart-string was cracking—coldly her eyes followed him, and she shuddered with the fear of his going out into the storm; and then, when the door was shut—calmly she set herself down before the now dead embers on the hearth—and only one agonizing, moaning cry, issued from her parted lips—"alone!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FAIRY-FOOTED ALLIE.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

Where the rose-leaves, softly stirred,
With the breezes dally,
There are pattering footsteps heard,—
In and out they rally;
Flitting like a humming-bird;
Fairy-footed Allie.

O'er the violet, azure eyed,
Softly she is bending;
At the honeysuckle's side,
Fair buds gently tending—
For the lily's glorious pride
Hear her song ascending.

Oh! she lives among the flowers—
With her touch they dally;
For her love, the shrubs and bowers
All their beauties rally,
Joying with this joy of ours,
Fairy-footed Allie.

Dyed with radiance from the sun,
Are her golden tresses;
Zephyrs lift them, one by one,

In their fond caresses;
Life's best light for us ye've won,
Sweet, breeze-braided tresses.

Threading softly, all day long,
Each bright garden alley;
Following far the robin's song
Down the shaded valley;
None can harm or do her wrong,
Fairy-footed Allie.

Mourning o'er each young flower's blight,
(Shield her heaven forever);
Dancing, with a new delight,
Where the rose-leaves quiver;
Breathing for each bliss, at night,
Thanks to God, the giver.

Oh! our hearts with joy are stirred,
All their love they rally;
When with tripping foot and word,
'Mongst the flowers to dally,
Comes our clip-winged humming-bird,
Fairy-footed Allie. —[Home Companion.]

WHAT IS IT.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

What kept the moss a-growing
Through January's snowing?
It knew—oh, never doubt it!
The blasted tree without it
Would bleaker seem, and older
To summer's new beholder.
So, green through all the snowing,
'Twas love that kept it growing.

What was the water saying
Beneath the ice-roof playing,
Whereon the sunshine listened,
While underneath, it glistened?
"Oh, queenly sun, arisen
To loose me from my prison;
I murmur not from grieving,
I sing, in thee believing!"

What brought the peach-buds swelling
From out their birchen dwelling?
The song of blue-birds won them,
Fresh music, poured upon them,

In bloom is overflowing;
The blush and perfume showing
That life is richer, better,
Joy's never-pardoned debtor.

Oh, loving, soul-fresh faces,
Moss of deserted places—
Oh, voices of the chosen,
Through deadliest cold unfrozen—
Oh, lives with beauty brimming,
Glad in the heaven's near hymning,
Ye know the hidden glory,
Who else may tell that story?

Grow, sing, and bloom undaunted!
A world so shadow-haunted
Needs all your bursting splendor
Soft lights, and murmurs tender.
The human want is pressing,
O'ershadow it with blessing!
Your triumph sure believing,
Till hearts shall hush their grieving!—[Crayon.]

FATHER MARQUETTE.

[From that charming book, "Sunshine on Daily Paths," published by Messrs. Peck & Bliss of our city, we take the following finely-written sketch of Father Marquette's visit to the Mississippi River.]

There was an old map published when printing was a new invention, and Ptolemy's Geography had not been superseded by Goldsmith's, Arrowsmith's, or any other modern Smith, in which there was a delta laid down in the Gulf of Mexico, corresponding to the delta of the Mississippi. That was the utmost recognition of the father of waters made at the beginning

of the sixteenth century; that is to say, in the year one thousand five hundred and thirteen.—After that, the Spaniards, in their own free, lively way, made expeditions into Florida—Leon, Cordova, and Ayllon having died there one after another. A Spaniard, quite a mediæval or half-way character—who had a name of which one-half seems to have been borrowed from the ancient Roman stage, and the rest from yesterday's newspaper—Pamphilus de Narvaez, took upon him to conquer and colonize the whole of the Gulf of Mexico. That was in fifteen twenty-eight. Storm, disease, and famine swept his men away; and if they colonized the new shore



FATHER MARQUETTE EXPLORING THE MISSISSIPPI.

with any thing, it was their bones. A few, struck inland. They were five miserable men, however, upon whose bones a little flesh was of which the leader was Cabeza de Vaca. They left, being thrown by themselves upon an island juggled their way through a thousand perils—on the coast of the Mississippi, escaped and passing from tribe to tribe as medicine-men—

and crossed the continent from sea to sea, among wild natives, speaking unknown tongues, over the great Father of Waters, and over bison plains, across the New World to the Gulf of California. These were the first men of the Old World by whom oars were dipped into the waters of the Mississippi. But they took no heed of the great river, and did not chronicle its name. Although their narrative is published, we only know, from the fact of its having crossed their path, that this was one of the great streams they traversed.

Although the river was visited by members of other expeditions sent out from Spain, yet nothing was made for the character of the Mississippi as an ancient river. It was, for hundreds of years, laid down in European maps as a trumpet little stream, and was seldom even distinguished by a name. Indeed, the river was not effectively discovered until the middle of the seventeenth century, when the Jesuit missionaries found their way to it under Father Marquette, a remarkable man, born at Laon, in Spain, in the year sixteen thirty-seven. He was first attached to several northern missions, in which he endured much and labored hard, with a good deal of success. When he undertook to explore in the south, he was thirty-six years old, and had learned six or seven native languages.

"We were not long," he said, "in preparing our outfit, although we were embarking on a voyage, the duration of which we could not foresee. We set out in two bark canoes—M. Jolliet, myself, and five men—resolved to do all and suffer all for so glorious an enterprise. Our joy at being chosen for this expedition roused our courage, and sweetened the labor of rowing from morning till night." They made all possible inquiries as to matters that it would behoove them to know upon the journey; and Marquette, for his part, put himself under the protection of his patroness, the Virgin, promised that, if she did them the grace to discover the great river, he would give it the name of Conception; and that he would also give that name to the first mission which he should establish among those new nations.—They discovered and so named the river, but the name was not retained.

Father Marquette and his companions, quitting Lake Huron, passed first among the tribes of the Wild Oats. Their wild oats were to be found self-sown in small rivers with slimy bottoms, and in marshy places. When the people of the wild oats heard upon what errand the little company was engaged, they thought it a mad one. "They told me," wrote the father, "that we should meet nations that never spare strangers, but tomahawk them without any provocation; that the war which had broken out among various nations on our route exposed us to another evident danger—that of being killed by the war parties which are constantly in the field; that the Great river was very dangerous, unless the difficult parts are known; that it was full of frightful monsters who swallowed up men and canoes together; that there

was even a demon there who could be heard from afar, who stopped the passage, and engulfed all who dared approach; lastly, that the heat was so excessive in those countries that it would infallibly cause our death." No knight who proposed to blow the horn of an enchanted castle ever was better warned of all the dangers he would have to face, than the six good people in the couple of boats made out of birch bark, who were on their way to immortality as the first explorers of the Mississippi.

After passing over dangerous rapids on the Fox River of Green Bay, the party came among the Fire Nation, where the father tested a mineral stream, and examined an herb fatal to snakes. The town of the Fire Nation (Maskontens) was on the limit of the land then known to Europeans. It was perched on a hill from which the eye ranged without check over boundless prairies on all sides, dotted here and there with groves and thickets. In the account given of the Fire Nation, I note only one fact that is particularly worth present mention, and that is very particular, inasmuch as it proves that the civilization of the Fire-men was, in a certain direction, far in advance of ours. We have such things procurable as greatcoats, of which the great recommendation is, that they admit of being folded up and put into the pocket, but the Maskontens and Kikabous are cleverer than that. "As bark for cabins is rare in their country," Father Marquette wrote, "they use rushes, which serve them for walls and roof, but which are no great shelter against the wind, and still less against the rain when it falls in torrents.—The advantage of this kind of cabin is, that they can roll them up, and carry them easily where they like in hunting-time."

From that last outpost of European civilization, the little party quitted the waters which flowed to Quebec, distant four or five hundred leagues, prepared, as the good priest said, "to follow those which will henceforth lead us into strange lands. Before embarking, we all began together a new devotion to the blessed Virgin Immaculate, which we practiced every day, addressing to her particular prayers to put under her protection both our persons and the success of our voyage. Then, after having encouraged one another, we got into our canoes." They descended a broad river beset with shallows, flowing between fertile banks and around vine-clad islets, and so, after forty leagues on that same route, they entered the Mississippi, on the seventeenth day of June, at forty-two and a half degree north, "with a joy that I cannot express."

Although Marquette increased the name of the river from Missipi (the complete word simply means the "Great River"), its full alphabetical honors were not yet attained. It was a four i'd monster then as now; but it only went upon three s's, and had but a single p. It was spelt, then, Missisipi. As it now stands, it is not so complete as it is made when scientific men get hold of it, and tie it to the tail of some unhappy animal, with two more s's in it, and another i, as in the case of the catfish of the

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Mississippi, *Silurus mississippiensis*. That is the fish thus mentioned by Marquette, among the wonders of his voyage! "From time to time we met monstrous fish, one of which struck so violently against our canoe, that I took it for a large tree about to knock us to pieces. Another time we perceived on the water a monster with the head of a tiger, a pointed snout like a wildcat's, a beard and ears erect, a grayish head, and a neck all black." That was an American tiger-cat. After a little time, the voyagers sailed down through the land of game into the country of turkeys and piskious, which are the bison.

On the twenty-fifth of June, in a region ignorant of quarter-day, they, for the first time, perceived footprints of men by the waterside, and a beaten path entering a beautiful prairie. They stopped to examine it, and, concluding that it was a path leading to some Indian village, as the purpose of their journey was to discover men rather than things, they resolved to reconnoitre, leaving the canoe with their men, whom they charged strictly to be cautious. Father Marquette and Sieur Jolliet followed from the river, trusting themselves to the discretion of unknown barbarians. It was in no frivolous mood that the two Europeans could set out on such a walk across the beautiful prairie. "We followed the little path," farther Marquette wrote, "in silence. Then, having advanced about two leagues, we discovered a village on the banks of the river, and two others on a hill, half a league from the former. Then, indeed, we recommended ourselves to God with all our hearts; and, having implored His help, we passed on undiscovered, and came so near that we even heard the Indians talking. We then deemed it time to announce ourselves, as we did by a cry, which we raised with all our strength, and then halted without advancing any farther. At this cry the Indians rushed out of their cabins, and, having probably recognized us as French, especially seeing a blackgown," (the Indian term for Jesuit,) "or at least having no reason to distrust us, seeing we were but two, and had made known our coming, they deputed four old men to come and speak with us. Two carried tobacco pipes well adorned, and trimmed with many kinds of feathers. They marched slowly, lifting their pipes toward the sun, as if offering them to him to smoke, but yet without uttering a single word. They were a long time coming the little way from the village to us. Having reached us at last, they stopped to consider us attentively. I now took courage, seeing these ceremonies, which are used by them only with friends, and still more on seeing them covered with stuffs, which made me judge them to be allies. I, therefore, spoke to them first, and asked them who they were; they answered that they were Illinois, and in token of peace they presented their pipes to smoke. They then invited us to their village, where all the tribe awaited us with impatience." Upon the Illinois, the missionaries, reaching the tribe from another corner, had already made some impression; the calumet, now a familiar idea,

appears to have been first made known under that name by Father Marquette, who gives also a full description of the pipe itself, and of its social uses.

The Illinois received the two Frenchmen in their village with extreme courtesy. At the door of the cabin in which they were to be received, stood an old man perfectly naked, with his arms stretched out and raised toward the sun, "as if he wished to screen himself from its rays, which, nevertheless, passed between his fingers to his face." When they came near him, he said, "How beautiful is the sun, O Frenchman, when thou comest to visit us! All our town awaits thee, and thou shalt enter all our cabins in peace." They were attended by a crowd of curious, but at the same time respectful gazers, to the town of the great sachem, who, with two others, stood, like the first old man, at his cabin door, with calumets pointing to the sun. Within the cabin Father Marquette explained himself, marking, in Indian form, each weighty fact with a present; after which the great sachem rose, and laying his hand on the head of a little slave, whom he was about to give to them, spoke thus, "I thank thee, Blackgown, and thee, Frenchman," addressing Jolliet, "for taking so much pains to come and visit us. Never has the earth been so beautiful, nor the sun so bright as to-day; never has our river been so calm, nor so free from rock—which your canoes have removed as they passed; never has our tobacco had so fine a flavor, nor our corn appeared so beautiful as we behold it to-day. Here is my son, that I give thee, that thou mayest know my heart. I pray thee to take pity on me and all my nation. Thou knowest the Great Spirit who has made us all; thou speakest to him, and hearest his word; ask him to give me life and health, and come and dwell with us that we may know him."

In addition to the slave and other things, the great sachem gave to the explorers a calumet trimmed with the feathers of the white eagle (signifying peace), that proved afterward to be of very great importance to them as they travelled down the stream. There was a great feast, also, which consisted of four courses, following the council. "The first course was a great wooden dish full of sagamity, that is to say, of Indian meal boiled in water, and seasoned with grease. The master of ceremonies," said Blackgown, "with a spoonful of sagamity, presented it three or four times to my mouth, as we do with a little child; he did the same to M. Jolliet. For the second course he brought in a second dish, containing three fish. He took some pains to remove the bones, and, having blown upon it to cool it, put it into my mouth, as we would food to a bird. For the third course they produced a large dog, which they had just killed (when the Indian kills his faithful dog for a feast, it is the highest mark of friendship for his guest); but learning that we did not eat it, it was withdrawn. Finally, the fourth course was a piece of wild ox, the fattest portions of which were put into our mouths."

About the end of June, Blackgown and his

companions took leave of the Illinois, and continued their descent of the Mississippi, noticing the rocks and plants, and especially struck by the painted monsters on the side of a high rock, which are still well preserved, but appear, then, to have been much more lively in their colors than they are at present. Upon these first explorers of the river, they made a great impression, and they are thus described in Marquette's narrative:—"As we coasted along the rocks, frightful of their height and length, we saw two monsters painted on one of those rocks, which startled us at first, and on which the boldest Indian dares not gaze long. They are as large as a calf, with horns on the head like a deer, a fearful look, red eyes, bearded like a tiger, the face somewhat like a man's, the body covered with scales, and the tail so long that it twice makes the turn of the body, passing over the head, and down between the legs, and ending at last in a fish's tail. Green, red, and a kind of black, are the colors employed. On the whole, these two monsters are so well painted, that we could not believe any Indian to have been the designer, as good painters in France would find it hard to do as well (!); besides this, they are so high that it is hard to get conveniently at them to paint them."

The explorers reached, next, the point at which Pekitanouï (the Missouri) flows into the Mississippi, where there was a frightful agitation; a mass of large trees entire with branches—real floating islands—came rushing from the mouth of the river Pekitanouï so impetuously, that they could not, without danger, expose themselves to pass across. The water was all muddy, and would not get clear.

Onward and onward still, the travellers came to the mouth of a river called the Onaboukigon, now known as the Ohio, which is Iroquois for beautiful river. Before reaching that point, they escaped out of the jaws of the demon against whom they had been warned, by the Wild Oats. "The demon," Blackgown explained, "is this: a small bay, full of rocks, some twenty feet high, into which the whole current of the river is whirled. Hurlled back against that which follows, and checked by a neighboring island, the mass of water is forced through a narrow channel. All this is not done without a furious combat of the waters tumbling over each other, nor without a great roaring, which strikes terror into Indians, who fear every thing."

Father on, they passed an iron mine, and a place rich in colored clays. The father put some heavy red sand on one of his paddles, and it took the color so well, that, after fifteen days' use of the oar in rowing, it was not washed out.

Still travelling south, they began next to see canes, and to come into the country of the mosquitoes. They perceived, also, Indians waiting for them, armed with guns, and stood on the defensive, while the missionary held up his feathered calumet, and spoke to them in the—there unknown—Huron language. The meeting in the end was peaceful. Food was supplied to the travellers, and they were told that in ten days they could reach the sea. The news roused

their courage, and made them take up their paddles with renewed ardor. They advanced, and began to see less prairie land, to find both sides of the river lined with lofty woods.

They had reached the thirty-three degree of north latitude, when they came upon a village in which the Indians were yelling and exciting one another to combat, armed with bows, arrows, axes, war-clubs, and bucklers, prepared for an attack by land and water. Even there, also, the calumet at last prevailed to still the strife; and two of the chiefs, having thrown their bows and quivers into Marquette's boat, as it were at his feet, entered, and carried them ashore, and gave them fish and sagimity.

At the next town they were received in state, and liberally treated by the Indians, who were courteous, but very poor. The chief found it not easy to protect them against plunder, and, having quashed a conspiracy, sent for his guests, and danced the calumet before them to remove their fears. By this time the explorers had gone far enough to be assured, beyond all possibility of doubt, that the great river flowed into the Gulf of Mexico, at a point from which they were then but a few days' journey. If they went on to the river's mouth, they would sail, therefore, into the power of the Spaniards, who would make prisoners of them, and so the fruit of their voyage would be lost. The great problem—into what sea did the river flow?—was solved, and they determined to return while they could do so safely. With some trouble, they rowed up the stream, and shortening their way by ascending the river Illinois, they reached Lake Michigan. As he had baptized on the way home a dying child, the good Catholic believed that his trouble was rewarded by the salvation of at least one soul.

Father Marquette had promised to return and instruct the inhabitants of an Illinois town named Kaskaskia. He had some difficulty in keeping his promise, for the great hardships endured on his exploring voyage had brought on a dysentery, and reduced him sadly. After the close of the next summer, however, having obtained leave, he set out with two companions. His health remained pretty good during a month's navigation, but when the snow began to fall his malady returned; and, though he travelled on yet for another fortnight, he was at last compelled to stop on the fourth of December, when he had reached the Chicago, (connected with the Illinois by portage,) for the river was then frozen. A cabin was there built for him, and the sick man spent a cheerless winter, wanting all needful aid and comfort, devoting his time to colloquies with Heaven, and the spiritual care of his two friends. Desiring that he might not die without reaching his little flock, he held with his companions a solemn novena in honor of the Immaculate Conception. When the river was clear of ice, he was indeed able to set out again; and on the eighth of April came among his Indians, who received him as an angel from heaven, and gathered about him, in a beautiful prairie near the town, five hundred chiefs and fifteen hun-

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dred youths, not counting women and children. They sat in a circle about Blackgown, who stood, pale and wasted, at a rustic altar, decorated with four large pictures of the Virgin. He spoke his heart to them, and then said mass. Three days afterward he celebrated Easter, and having thus opened the mission, named it as he had promised that it should be named.

Compelled then to return, he was brought back into Lake Michigan, so weak that his men despaired of being able to carry him alive to the journey's end; he could not help himself or even stir, but had to be handled and carried like an infant. He spent what strength he had upon religious offices. One Friday, radiant with joy, he told his friends that he should die upon the morrow, and gave directions for the arrangement of his body in burial; he desired that a cross should be raised over him, and enjoined them, only three hours before his death, to take his chapel-bell when he was dead, and ring it while they carried him to the grave. So he spoke as they sailed along the lake, and when they passed a little hill beside a river's mouth, he told them that he should be buried there. They wished to pass on, but the wind changed, and they were forced to turn aside into the river. Blackgown was then carried ashore, and a little fire was kindled by him, and a little bark cabin raised hastily over him; and so, while the men were unloading, left alone, and stretched upon the wild shore among the forests, he pre-

pared himself for death. He had prayed always to die on Saturday, the day sacred to the Virgin, and so he did. Upon that spot he died, calmly and gently, as he had lived. The last entry in his journal expressed sympathy for the hardships of the traders. Of his own he never spoke. One of the last acts of his life was to bid his companions take rest and sleep, for he would call them when his agony of death came on. His two poor friends, shedding many tears, carried the kind Blackgown devoutly to his grave upon the hill, ringing the bell as they went. And so they left him, with a large cross raised over his body.

When years had passed away, some Algonquin Indians, who had been first taught by the priest, on their way home from hunting, resolved to pass by the tomb of their good father, whom they loved. When there, it came into their hearts to take his bones for burial within the church of St. Ignatius, at their own mission. They carried them accordingly within a box of birch-bark, attended by a convoy of thirty canoes. As they approached the mission, a fresh procession of canoes, in which were all the French Indians of the place, headed by Father Pierson, met the convoy. Then Father Pierson followed them solemnly to second burial, and intoned the *De Profundis*, under the great vault of heaven, in sight of the canoes still on the water, and of all the silent people on the shores.

LOOSE LEAVES,

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A COUNTRY EDITOR.—NO. II.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

A SPRING RAMBLE.

An ex-squire of our village and the village editor, took a stroll one lovely afternoon this week down one of our beautiful little streams, rod in hand, and bent upon the destruction of the innocent trout. The occasion was one of unusual relaxation to the editor, at least—we can vouch for that—and he was disposed very naturally to make the most of his holiday. The avowed purpose of their ramble, however, was not remarkably successful, since their achievements in the piscatory line may be summed up as follows: The editor caught one good-sized trout and one large tadpole; the ex-squire made captive one large trout, one small *ditto*, one silver-side, and one *very* large tadpole. Nothing to boast of, truly. But what of that? They enjoyed one of those pleasant spring rambles, whose influence is to give back to mature years something of the fresh feelings of childhood.

There were the verdant fields, the forest with its newly budding leaves, the picturesque farm-houses, surrounded by green lawns and blossoming fruit trees, the young wheat covering many a wide acre of gentle vale and sloping hill-side, and the broad meadows with their

musical brooks and pure, health-giving breezes—all over-arched by a blue and cloudless sky. It was one of those beautiful afternoons, when all the air seems filled with golden dust, which serve to give us an idea—if anything on earth can—of the scenery of Eden-life. There were leanings against old gnarled trees, and listenings to the soft songs of the waters that lulled their hearers to pleasant, but indistinct dreams. Or, where the stream spread out into wide and still expanses, there were abstracted gazings into the mimic world below, where first the stout trunks, and then the light and feathery branches of the trees were clearly reflected—and the pure blue sky under-arching all. And all the while sweet murmurings of voices, of winds and waters, near and far, and golden sunlight all around.

No wonder that one, under such charming influences, should ask himself why there are such things as care and sorrow upon earth. Might not all of mortal life be as pleasant as this pleasant afternoon? The good All-Father has given to his children a beautiful abode, but how seldom do they even note its beauty. And the dwelling-place which He has created for them a paradise, their evil passions have converted al-

most into a desert, in respect to that healthful spiritual influence which natural scenery was made to produce upon the human mind. Let us love nature more and sin less, and thus "look through nature up to nature's God."

ABOUT SPRING TIME AND FAIRIES.

According to the almanac, spring has been with us two months, yet so unlike has she been to her usual self that we have scarcely recognized her presence. She is always more or less coy and coquettish; but this year she has remained longer than usual, undecided in her choice between cold and rude courtship, uttered in the harsh voice of winter, and the warm and gentle wooing breathed in the soft tones of summer. Summer, however, has at length, as ever, won the triumph. And now the fair spring, like a young maiden who is happy in her choice, is all smiles and sunshine. Earth is inducing a priestly robe to consecrate the approaching nuptials of the two seasons; and the emblems that adorn that priestly robe are full of lessons of a religious character.

"Oh, what a glory doth this world put on
For him who with a fervent heart goes forth,
Under the bright and gorgeous sky, and looks
On duties well performed and days well spent!
For him the flowers, aye, and the budding leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings."

This was a merry time in the old days. Then the young men and maidens danced, at the betrothal of the seasons, all the long, lively May-day, and often far into the night when the moon was crescent or at full, around the flower-wreathed May-pole. And, when the human revellers, wearied with the long enjoyment, retired to refreshing slumbers and to pleasant dreams, superstition still peopled the green around the May-pole with those delightful creations of the olden mind, the gay and beautiful Fairies, whose dances and gambols gave to the scene a mimic and mystic life during all the livelong night.

"Alas! the lively fays have long
Been only known in tale and song."

Yes, fairies, such as our ancestors loved to picture as sporting beneath

"The sweet silver light of the moon,"

are no longer seen. Yet, to the gentle and imaginative mind, fairies of a more real, though more delicate creation, are known even now to exist. They sparkle in the stars, and dance on the tiny billows of the rivulet. They float with the light cloud on the azure ocean of ether; and we hear their tender voices in the tree-tops, when the branches sway to the soft breeze. And when the beautiful spring, as now, illumines the earth with the glory of her presence, they smile in the opening blossoms and peep at us coquettishly from the lowly shelter of the violet. These are the fairies of thought.

We have, also, the fairies of the affections. We see them in the heart-moving smiles of those we love, in the tender and truthful glance of the soul-speaking eye; we hear them in the sweet an gentle tones of those who love us. If

these fairies be the creations of superstition, let us hope that the superstition which calls them into existence may be one which no after time shall dispel. And now, while the spring brings to us so abundantly the fairies of thought, let us endeavor to win to us, as their companions, the fairies of the affections, that

"Two Springs to our spirits their warmth may impart,
The Spring of the year and the Spring of the heart."

AT SUNSET.

The window at which we write faces the west, which is now glowing with all the emblazonry of a gorgeous sunset.

Who does not love to gaze upon the sunset sky? We have seen persons of all ages; from the calm and hoary-headed man to the lively child, and of all conditions, from the man of letters to the totally unlearned, stop in their walk and look, lingeringly and with an absorbed attention, upon the sunset west. Yet what one of them, if questioned, could tell his thoughts at such a time? Yet the shadows of majestic imaginings are passing over his mind, and he is experiencing an ineffable but dreamy delight, while gazing on the vision of loveliness along the western horizon.

Whence comes the sense of enjoyment which all experience who look upon a lovely sunset? Who can tell? That it is a pleasure that flows partly, at least, from a higher source than the mere beauty of the scene, all must own who have felt it. We have sometimes attempted to account for it thus:

The reflecting mind must ever carry within itself a melancholy conviction that it has fallen far beneath the state of purity and goodness for which the great All-Father intended it—so far, that it can very seldom, even to a small extent, realize the delight which the possession of such a state confers. The inexpressible beauty and sublimity of a sunset view, exceeding, as it does, all other heavenly and earthly phenomena presented to the outward vision, may intimate to the mind, in an image of natural loveliness, an idea of that spiritual loveliness which every human soul, not utterly debased, must, at times, however distant, long to make its own.

What limitless themes for the contemplation of the wisdom and love of the Creator and Preserver of all, does the study of nature afford.

WHITEFIELD and a pious companion were much annoyed one night, at a public-house, by a set of gamblers in the room adjoining where they slept. Their noisy clamor and horrid blasphemy so excited Whitefield's abhorrence and pious sympathy, that he could not rest. "I will go in to them, and reprove their wickedness," he said. His companion remonstrated in vain. He went. His words of reproof fell apparently powerless upon them. Returning, he lay down to sleep. His companion asked him rather abruptly, "What did you gain by it?" "A soft pillow," he said, patiently, and soon fell asleep. Yes, "a soft pillow" is the reward of fidelity—the companion of a clear conscience. It is a sufficient remuneration for doing right, in the absence of all other reward.

SOUVENIRS OF HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.

No. XIII.—THEODOSIUS THE GREAT.

We notice this monarch, chiefly with a view to mark at how early a period the spiritual

temporal power, in ecclesiastical affairs. We think it would hardly be considered expedient for the Archbishop of Paris to refuse the communion to Napoleon III., for directing the massacre of December 2nd.; but it will be seen by the following sketch, that a proceeding of this kind actually took place in the fourth century of the christian era. The sketch is from the pen of Mr. Elihu Rich :



THEODOSIUS.

Theodosius the Great, emperor of the whole Roman world, was the son of a distinguished general of that name, who was executed at Carthage, by order of Gratian, in 376. The young Theodosius, then about thirty years of age, retired to Galicia, which, according to some accounts, was his native place; but in the third year after, he was recalled by Gratian, and proclaimed his colleague in Illyricum, and the eastern provinces of the empire. Theodosius now proved himself the worthy successor of CONSTANTINE, and delivered the empire from the irruption of the Visigoths, both with the strong arm of the warrior, and the hardy head of the politician; he resembled him, also, as the

power, in the Roman empire, had risen to such a height, as actually to overawe and coerce the



ARCHBISHOP AMBROSE REFUSING THE COMMUNION TO THEODOSIUS THE GREAT.

champion of orthodoxy, and eventually completed the work that Constantine had only begun, by extinguishing idolatry, and strengthening the bulwarks of orthodoxy against Arianism. In 383, Gratian became the victim of a rebellion, and Maximus, usurping the western

empire, was defeated by Theodosius, who gave him battle on the banks of the Drave, in Pannonia. His triumphant entry into Rome took place in 389, but before and after this period, he had the arduous task of suppressing continual seditions in the great cities. The most threatening of these broke out at Thessalonica, and Theodosius, yielding to his anger, and to the advice of Rufinus, sent a commission to punish the inhabitants, some thousands of whom were put to the sword, though Theodosius, too late, had countermanded his orders. For this measure

of severity he was boldly deprived of christian communion by Ambrose, Archbishop of Milan, who turned him back from the church porch, and only consented to his reunion after a repentance of months. The abolition of paganism dates in 391, and the undisputed sovereign authority of Theodosius in 394, when he defeated Arbogastes, and the pretender Eugenius. He now divided his dominions between his sons, Honorius and Arcadius, and expired at Milan the year following, 395.

SWISS CUSTOM.

When a girl has arrived at a marriageable age, the young men of the village assemble, by consent, on a given night, at the gallery of the chalet, in which the fair one resides. This creates no manner of surprise in the minds of her parents, who not only wink at the practice, but are never better pleased than when the charms of their daughter attract the greatest number of admirers. Their arrival is soon announced by sundry taps at the different windows. After the family in the house has been roused (for the scene usually takes place at midnight, when they have all retired to rest), the window of the room prepared for the occasion, in which the girl is first alone, is opened. Their parley commences, of rather a boisterous description; each man, in turn, urges his suit with all the eloquence and art of which he is possessed. The fair one hesitates, doubts, asks questions, but comes to no decision. She then invites the party to partake of a repast of cakes and kirschwasser, which is prepared for them on the balcony. Indeed, this entertainment, with the strong water of the cherry, forms a prominent feature in the proceedings of the night. After having regaled themselves for some time, during

which, and through the window, she has made use of all the witchery of woman's art, she feigns a desire to get rid of them, and will sometimes call her parents to accomplish this object. The youths, however, are not to be put off, for, according to the custom of the country, they have come here for the express purpose of compelling her, on that night, there and then, to make up her mind, and to declare the object of her choice. At length, after further parley, her heart is touched, or, at least, she pretends it is, by the favored swain. After certain preliminaries between the girl and her parents, her lover is admitted through the window, where the affianced is signed and sealed, but not delivered, in presence of both father and mother. By consent of all parties, the ceremony is not to extend beyond a couple of hours, when, after a second jollification with kirschwasser, they all retire—the happy man to bless his stars, but the rejected to console themselves with the hope, that, at the next tournament of love-making, they may succeed better. In general, the girl's decision is taken in good part by all, and is regarded as decisive.

IDLENESS.

Idleness is a fault we all condemn in the young, and too often indulge in, without remorse, ourselves. There is a busy idleness, which sometimes blinds us to its nature. We seem, to ourselves and others, to be occupied; but what is the result of it all? What Hannah Moore calls "a quiet and dull frittering away of time," whether it be in "unprofitable small-talk, or in constant idle reading, or sauntering over some useless piece of work," is surely not "redeeming the time;" and yet, how many days and hours are thus unprofitably wasted, and neither ourselves or others benefited. All women who have much leisure, are liable to this fault; and, besides its own sinfulness—for surely, waste of time is a sin—it encourages a weak, unenergetic frame of mind, and is apt to

produce either apathetic content in trifling occupation, or a restless desire of excitement and amusement, to help on the weary time these trifles cannot kill. Those who have their time entirely at their own disposal, with, perhaps, no definite duty to occupy them, should guard, resolutely, against waste of time; make duties for yourselves; fix hours for your different occupations; do, with your might, whatsoever your hand findeth to do; and carefully, conscientiously ascertain, which of your employments is *not worth* all this care; have a motive, a reason for all you do, and frequently examine yourselves as to *what* you are doing; and, surely, you will find time too precious to be either squandered, or frittered, or idled away.

THE LION'S SKIN.

On the road leading from Verberie to Compiègne, is a solitary *auberge*, well known to the inhabitants of the department, as affording them a temporary asylum, when, attracted from their hearths, either by necessity or inclination, they are compelled to await the arrival of the public conveyances. One lovely evening during the autumn of 1838, the diligence deposited at the house in question, an individual whose appearance formed a marked contrast to that of his fellow-travellers. He was a distinguished-looking man, of perhaps forty years of age; but looking older or younger than his years, according as they were numbered from the general expression of his countenance, or from a minute examination of his features individually. His glance was habitually so calm, his smile so grave and reserved, that the observer was sensible of a certain inconsistency in the absence of grey hairs and wrinkles. This combination of physical youth with apparent mental maturity, might not, perhaps, have accorded over well with the common theory, that the sword of the mind wears out its scabbard; the supporters of this opinion would, no doubt, in the present instance, have argued, from the perfection of the case, that the blade had been insufficiently whetted. Would this judgment have been a true and just one? To the solution of this problem our story will now tend.

At the arrival of the diligence, the hostess of the little inn, had, of course, presented herself on the threshold of her domain, and recognizing by the light of the lanterns, the traveller who had just alighted, she addressed him, with the volubility generally characteristic of her calling.

"Can it be you, Monsieur Servian?" she said.

"Many a long day has passed since we have seen you here. You are going, no doubt, to Colonel Herbelin's, where you will find a merry party, if not a large one, collected to receive you. First, there is your own nephew, Monsieur Felix Cambier, who grows a fine young gentleman."

"Felix is right to profit by his holidays," said the stranger, smiling; "you have, perhaps, heard, Madame Ribois, that in six weeks he is to enter at St. Cyr."

"Then," continued his informant, "there is Madame Caussade, who has spent the summer with her father. Since the death of her husband, who, poor man, was much older than herself, she has done her best to drive away melancholy, and banish useless regrets. She rides, shoots, leaps hedges and ditches, and, in fact, looks so happy, that it is enough to make other people wish to be widows likewise. It was only yesterday that I saw her gallop past with Monsieur Tonayrion, who has scarcely left her side for two months, and who, if report speaks truly, is soon to become the Colonel's son-in-law."

During the above monologue, the countenance of the person addressed as Monsieur Servian, had given evidence of various inward emotions, to a degree not quite reconcilable with his

habitual *sangfroid*. At the mention of Madame Caussade and her presence in the neighborhood, he exhibited unmistakable surprise, mingled (it may be) with pleasure, though the latter feeling was less plainly to be divined than the former. Whatever agreeable sentiments and anticipations, however, he may have cherished, were, apparently, quickly banished by the last piece of information conveyed by the hostess, and it was with an air of displeasure, ill-concealed by the affectation of indifference, that he inquired:

"And who is this Monsieur Tonayrion?"

"He deserves to be a Captain of Dragoons, at least," was the eager reply. "He is a grand-looking gentleman, with a large moustache; and you never see him without a whip in his hand, a cigar in his mouth, and spurs which jingle as he walks."

Servian frowned, and bit his lip; nay, he looked wistfully after the departing diligence, as though half regretting that he too had not pursued his journey onward. From these reflections he was aroused by many promising offers of accommodation for the night.

"It is now eleven," said Madame Ribois; "the Colonel's house is half a league from here, and the road through the forest dangerous; I will prepare your bed and supper."

But our traveller was neither to be persuaded nor alarmed into compliance with her wishes; and with an intimation that he would send for his luggage on the following day, he started for his final place of destination. The road stigmatized as dangerous by Madame Ribois, was perfectly familiar to him. Undismayed by the darkness of the night, and the deep gloom of the forest, he accomplished his walk safely and expeditiously, and at length presented himself (an unexpected guest) at the house of Monsieur Herbelin.

A warm grasp of the hand, and a hearty welcome from the old officer, proved that to him the arrival of his friend was a source of the greatest gratification. From the cool greeting (albeit accompanied by a slight blush) of his daughter, the fair widow, the same conclusion could scarcely be drawn; whilst the brief and barely courteous salutation which passed between our hero and the aforesaid Monsieur Tonayrion, showed that their mutual acquaintance was a source of little pleasure to either. After some conversation, chiefly supported by Monsieur Servian and his host, the latter gave the signal of departure for the night. Madame Caussade arose to close the piano, and as this movement rather separated her from the rest of the party, Servian seized the opportunity of approaching her.

"Madame," said he, in a low and serious tone of voice, which trembled with suppressed emotion, "I trust your opinion of me is at least good enough to convince you that this meeting was as unexpected by me as by you. If my presence

is displeasing to you, speak but one word, and to-morrow, before you are awake, I shall have left."

"I am in my father's house, not in my own," replied the lady, with a coldness a little assumed. "Here I never give orders, and it rests with yourself to decide on the propriety or impropriety of your visit."

She terminated the dialogue by a slight bow, and with a general "Good night" to her father and his guests, quitted the apartment, which, in a few moments, was entirely untenanted.

On the following morning, before the breakfast-bell had sounded, Colonel Herbelin was seated in his own room, watching, rather impatiently, the heavy rain, which had deprived him of his usual morning ramble round the Park. He was suddenly aroused from his occupation, by two or three rapid knocks at the door, and the entrance of his daughter, attired in the most *recherche* and coquettish of *peignoirs*. Her charming and piquant face assumed an expression of gravity, as she said, after bestowing on her father his usual morning salutation, "My mission will surprise you a little, I fancy; I am come to say farewell, for a time, at least."

"What do you mean, Estelle?" interrupted M. Herbelin, looking at his daughter with amazement.

Madame Caussade seated herself by the side of her father, who, observing this preliminary to a confidential conversation, gravely awaited the coming explanation.

"Father," said Estelle, "I only ask of you five minutes' attention. When I became a widow, eighteen months since, a mutual friend of yours and my lost husband's, sought me in marriage. He was of good family, rich, amiable, and distinguished both by mental and personal qualifications: in fact, possessed of a host of good qualities. For one solitary reason (a decisive one in my own mind) I refused him, and we parted. By a chance, which I cannot help imagining to be a little preconcerted on his part, we met again, yesterday evening. Now this circumstance annoys me, and as I would not willingly deprive you of the pleasure of entertaining your friend, I will remedy matters by leaving to-day for Paris. I promise to return when his visit terminates, and can only hope that he will have too much sense to make it a long one."

"Is it of Eugene Servian, then, that you are speaking?" interrupted the Colonel, looking almost overwhelmed with the discovery.

"Of himself," said Estelle, coldly.

Her father rose impetuously, and after traversing the room two or three times with hasty steps, stopped, face to face, with the young widow.

"Servian has done you the honor of asking your hand, and you have refused it?" he exclaimed. "If I were sure of that, I believe I should disinherit you."

"Disinherit me, then," replied Estelle, with a smile which seemed to brave the paternal anger, "for I only tell you the truth."

"And pray," inquired her father, "since you allow him the possession of almost every good

quality, what may be the objection which in your opinion more than counterbalances his numerous advantages?"

"Oh! *perhaps* it is a mere trifle," said Estelle, with a smile full of irony and disdain; "the only drawback I have discovered in your friend, Monsieur Servian's character, is (and here she spoke in a whisper, as though she almost feared to utter the words), that he is a coward."

"Servian a coward!" repeated Colonel Herbelin, with as much indignation as though the obnoxious epithet had been applied to himself.

"Estelle, I know that in your character of a spoiled child, you feel privileged to talk all the nonsense that enters your head; but this piece of folly is, let me tell you, of too serious a character."

"Grant me two minutes longer," rejoined Madame Caussade, "and I will convince you of the truth of my assertion. They say when a window is cracked it is better to break it altogether; and assuredly, Monsieur Servian's courage is more than cracked."

"Go on," said her father, in a very discontented tone; "I am listening."

"You know," she continued, "that about two years ago—some few months before the death of Monsieur Caussade—the physicians, in despair of his recovery, sent him to the waters of Vichy. Monsieur Servian, who had long been intimate with my husband, travelled with us. Between Nevers and Moulins—"

"You have told me all that before," interrupted the Colonel, somewhat testily. "The diligence was attacked by robbers; in short, you had an adventure."

"So far you know, it is true; but you have not heard the part sustained by your friend, in the comedy. We were in the *coupe*. It was about midnight. When the carriage was stopped, the doors opened, and several men in blouses and masks, brutally ordered us to descend. I was only a woman; Monsieur Caussade old and infirm: it was natural for us to obey. But for Monsieur Servian, a man in the prime of life! Imagine him, father, alighting the very first, without the slightest resistance, and merely entreating the robbers not to do me any injury. Was not this a noble and well-timed attention?"

"The villains were armed, perhaps," said the Colonel.

"To the teeth; but that was no excuse," replied his daughter.

"Listen, my love," pursued Monsieur Herbelin, with a kind of embarrassment which would be felt by a conscientious advocate when pleading a cause that he believed to be good, but the weak points of which had been revealed to him by the discussion. "There is much to be said for Servian's conduct on this occasion. You must distinguish between temerity and courage. I am not at all sure that in a like predicament I should not have acted as he did."

"My dear father," said Estelle, impatiently, "do not attempt to justify him; for you cannot succeed. I will not deny that before this ridiculous adventure, I liked him, and when free, might, perhaps, have loved him; but the

mask is fallen—the hero vanished. Never, I feel, could I love a man whose character did not inspire in me that confidence and esteem which alone authorises the supremacy of a husband."

"I never heard that Monsieur Caussade was an Achilles, and yet you married him!"

"True," said the young widow, laughing; "but the first time my friends married me; the second, with your permission, I will marry myself."

"You know, foolish child," said the Colonel, "I never oppose your wishes. This union would have given me pleasure, because I think Servian would have made you happy; but as you are of a different opinion, we will say no more about it. All I ask of you is to remain here, and be civil to him. Brave or not brave, he is my friend and our guest."

"So be it," said Estelle; "but for two days only. If he should be indiscreet enough to remain longer, I forewarn you that I shall yield my place to him.—And now that we are friends again," she added, with an affectionate smile, "I will leave you."

"Nay," said the Colonel, "since confession is the order of the day, let it be a general one. Do you love Monsieur Tonayrion, Estelle?"

"I have not arrived at that point yet," she replied, with a little proud turn of the head; "but should this ever happen, would my choice displease you?"

"As regards himself personally, I have nothing particular to say," rejoined her father. "He is certainly a puppy; but I dare say, one might get on with him. I only regret that before allowing him to establish himself on terms of intimacy with us, I did not make enquiries respecting his position, of which I know literally nothing."

"My dearest father," said Estelle, in her most winning way, "when I married Monsieur Caussade, you only thought of my interest; let me now think of my happiness. I know not if Monsieur Tonayrion is rich; but, at any rate, I have enough for both. I think I have discovered in him qualities which I esteem above all other considerations. He is not, it is true, as intelligent or as cultivated as Monsieur Servian; but then he is courageous."

"How do you know that?" asked the Colonel. "Because he wears a moustache and spurs?"

To this affronting question Estelle did not vouchsafe any direct reply; but continued—

"Monsieur Tonayrion's only fault is not, in my eyes, a very serious one. He was born too late. Twenty years ago he would have been a soldier; that is his true vocation, as he has assured me a hundred times at least. He has only lacked opportunity to acquire a reputation which would have rendered him a worthy son-in-law even to such a man as yourself."

Colonel Herbelin was not insensible to the little flattery expressed by his daughter's eyes as well as lips; and, as he looked at her beautiful and beaming face, he could not help exclaiming—

"You deserve a Marshal of France, and a

young one, too. Tonayrion will be a fortunate fellow indeed! But I entreat you, do nothing rashly," he continued. "I will write to Paris; for you understand that I cannot give my consent until I know more about this gentleman."

"Write, my dear father," said Estelle; "Raoul will, I am sure, not fear any inquiry."

The bell which announced breakfast now rang; and Colonel Herbelin, taking his daughter's arm, descended to the dining-room, where their guests were already assembled.

The indiscreet chattering of Madame Ribois had borne its usual fruits. From the moment of his introduction to Raoul, Servian had conceived for him all the dislike usually felt by a man in love, towards one whom he believes to be preferred to himself. This violent antipathy, which he found it impossible to stifle, was covered, however, by the most scrupulous politeness. The self-satisfied Tonayrion, on his side, regarded as unworthy his attention an individual who dressed simply, expressed himself modestly, and, to crown all, had arrived by the diligence. Leaving, therefore, to young Felix Cambier, the task (to which he proved quite equal) of sustaining the conversation, they had only exchanged two or three cold and commonplace sentences, when the entrance of Madame Caussade gave rise to fresh discontent on the part of the lover, who had sought her hand, and to renewed presumption in the one who now aspired to it.

It frequently happens that women are as intense in their aversions as in their attachments. They deliver themselves up to the former with more freedom, since conventionalism, which makes love almost a crime, does not interdict hatred, provided its weapons be gracefully wielded. Estelle was sensible of an irresistible wish to punish Servian for the liberty he had taken in presenting himself before her. "He professes," thought the young widow, "to have been ignorant of my presence here; but is that likely, or even possible? Would he, with his strong attachment, have been absent a whole year, and have made no inquiries concerning me from those who could have given him information? It is improbable, to say the least of it. What, then, can be his object? Does he think me volatile enough to accept now what I formerly refused? If I were sure that this was his idea, I would make him repent having regarded me as a woman without character or decision."

To chastise what she inwardly termed the impertinence of her former lover, she availed herself of Monsieur Tonayrion, justly regarding him as the most efficacious instrument she could use in effecting her purpose. She lavished upon him during breakfast a shower of gracious smiles, expressive glances, confidential whispers; in fact, every little encouragement which a lady could bestow on one individual to drive another to distraction. Not content with these acts of cruelty, and regardless of the truce demanded by her father, the pitiless widow opened a drawing-room battery of piquante allusions

and bitter pleasantries, rendered not the less wounding by the wit and elegance with which they were uttered. Notwithstanding the evident discomfort of the good Colonel, and his efforts to render the conversation inoffensive, she persisted in recurring to the subject which she thought most likely to humiliate Servian. The emphatic commendation of bravery was from her lip directed as the most mortifying personality to him who had once shown himself deficient in the quality. "There are faults which have a claim upon our indulgence," she said: "perfection is unattainable, and we should forgive all weaknesses in which there is nothing disgraceful; but cowardice is so degrading, one is sullied by mere contact with it. Other faults, too, may be corrected; but cowardice never!"

As Madame Caussade unfolded this severe opinion, to which her sparkling eye and proud smile gave double force, the countenances of her auditory presented a variety of expressions, each sufficiently marked to have satisfied the requirements of an artist. Colonel Herbelin, pitying the humiliation which he believed his friend to be suffering, coughed, wiped his spectacles, moved his seat; in short, did all in his power to cover his discomfiture. Felix Cambier felt even more ill at ease than the Colonel. The charms of his fair hostess had deeply impressed themselves on the susceptible heart of eighteen; and whilst her good opinion seemed more important to him than aught in the world beside, he felt some doubt how far the share of courage which Nature had implanted in his breast would enable him to attain it. This sensation most ingeniously disclosed itself on his blushing and embarrassed countenance. Monsieur Tonayrion, on the contrary, erected his head some degrees higher than usual, affectionately caressing his moustache as he did so. And finally Servian, far from being disconcerted, as one would have expected, listened with calm attention, and smiled from time to time with a mingled expression of sadness and sarcasm.

"My words appear to amuse you," said Estelle, fixing her eyes upon him; "you think it, no doubt, highly ridiculous that a woman should estimate courage and despise cowardice."

"On the contrary," replied Servian, quietly; "it appears to me as natural that a woman should prize in a man all manly qualities, as that we, on our side, should prefer in a lady, sweetness, reserve, kindness of heart; in short, those virtues peculiarly feminine and attaching."

Piqued at the indirect reproof conveyed in these words, Estelle haughtily turned away her head, and inquired of Raoul what he would do if attacked by robbers.

"What I have already done on similar occasions," replied he, with an indifference quite heroic.

"The first time this happened to me, in Paris, I was returning home after midnight, and, by an accident, which it is unnecessary to explain, was on foot. At the corner of the Rue

Chantereine three men threw themselves upon me. My only means of defence was a sword-cane; but this I used so vigorously, that in about half-a-minute one of my adversaries was extended in the middle of the street; a second was supporting himself, as he best could, against a wall; and the third had disappeared. My other adventure took place during my residence in Africa. I was attacked, one evening, near Algiers, by two ferocious Bedouins, and, happily, escaped with a ball in my coat, and a sword wound in my left arm!"

"And the Bedouins?" demanded Felix, who listened to the narrator with a mixture of admiration and envy.

"I do not imagine," said Raoul, "that since that day they have ever given our Algerines any cause of complaint. My gun, it is true, was only loaded with small shot; but, as we were face to face, my double-barrel knocked them both down, one to the right, and the other to the left, and with the butt-end I completed the business."

"And in these two encounters did you experience no sensation of fear?" inquired Madame Caussade, evidently charmed with the prowess of her admirer.

"Fear, Madame?" replied Tonayrion—"is it possible that people are ever afraid?"

"Sometimes," interrupted Colonel Herbelin, with the generous hope of alleviating the mental agony under which Servian was supposed to be suffering. "I, who now address you, have once or twice experienced something akin to it."

"You do not understand my father's novel ambition," added the young widow. "For love of his neighbor he absolutely wishes to be regarded as a man without courage—it is rather unfortunate that his reputation is established, and that no one will believe him."

Now it happened that Servian was seated next to the Colonel, and the word "neighbor" so clearly applied to him, that his host, finding it impossible to extract the sting from this fresh sarcasm, hastily rose in order to terminate the conversation. "The rain is over," he said; "let us take a turn on the terrace."

The three guests arose; Madame Caussade did likewise; but, instead of leaving the room with them, placed herself at the piano, judging from her father's expression that she had already carried her raillery as far as possible without seriously displeasing him. Eugène Servian had, externally at least, endured the attack of which he had been the victim with imperturbable coolness. Estelle had exhausted her arrows of sarcasm without raising even a frown on his brow. She herself felt discontented with the world, angry with Servian—because he had not had the politeness to appear unhappy—angry with Felix, with Tonayrion, with her father (though why, she would have found it difficult to explain), and, above all, thoroughly discontented with herself. When, for some frivolous reason, a woman is thus seized with an universal antipathy, the conclusion we must draw is, that love is the root of this branching hatred.

The rest of the day, which was heralded in by the preceding scene, and the one which succeeded it, passed, if not peaceably, with at least fewer active demonstrations of enmity on the part of Estelle than might have been expected from the vigorous opening of the campaign. On the third evening following Servian's domestication in the house, Madame Caussade had seized the opportunity afforded by the adjournment of her father and his guests to the billiard-room, for a solitary ramble in the chestnut avenue which formed the principal approach to the mansion. On the subject of her meditations who can decide? That they were various and absorbing, was proved by the unnoticed flight of time. She was at length aroused from her reverie by the appearance of Servian, who advanced towards her, and with whom, therefore, it was impossible to avoid a meeting. At the approach of her former lover, she assumed an air cold enough to dispel any pleasure he might have been inclined to derive from the *recontre*; and in observing this change in her, the smile disappeared from his lip, and his countenance expressed only a polite, but impassable gravity.

"Madame," he said, "I have not sought this interview; but, as chance has afforded it, permit me to profit by it, and to speak to you on a subject which presses heavily on my heart. It does not regard myself, and I would entreat you to forget how fondly I have loved you, and to look upon me only as your father's friend, and as one forever devoted to your interests." As he continued, his voice and manner insensibly softened, and he spoke with something like the tenderness of a father. "They tell me," he said, "that you are about to unite yourself to Monsieur Tonayryon. You have treated me contemptuously during my stay here, and, could I entertain one bitter feeling concerning you, I should rejoice in the prospect of this marriage; but, Estelle, I love you still, and to see myself revenged would be the keenest misery I could suffer."

"What solemn accents! what mournful prognostications!" exclaimed Madame Caussade, with affected gaiety. "You believe, then, that if I marry Monsieur Tonayryon, I expose myself to become the most unfortunate of woman?"

"Your happy disposition, will, I trust, always preserve you from excessive grief," he replied; "but between the extremity of unhappiness, and the ideal bliss of which you dream, there are many intermediate steps. What I dread for you above all," continued Servian, tenderly, "is the loss of those illusions which, if too roughly destroyed, create a more desolate void in the heart than misfortune itself. Your rich and fertile imagination gilds every object on which it glances; and thus it is that Monsieur Tonayryon is now a hero in your eyes. But are you sure that this heroism does not exist rather in your head than in his heart? Are you sure that the feathers of this peacock, whose plumage you admire, will not fall, one by one, at the test of marriage? First, perhaps, intelligence; then kindness; and finally—courage."

"Here I protest," said Madame Caussade,

"I will not undertake to stand sponsor for Monsieur Tonayryon's general excellence. In point of intellect, for instance, I could not rationally compare him with yourself; but as to his courage—this feather, to employ your metaphor, can never be plucked from him."

"And what if I deprive him of it?"

"You!" rejoined the young widow, laughing.

Estelle could only account for the strange temerity of such a proposition, by supposing that jealousy had completely turned her admirer's brain; this idea really touched her.

"Let us change the subject," she said, with a benevolence which her natural love of railery rendered additionally meritorious. "I am not generally fond of advice, but I acknowledge the right of an old friend to offer it, even unasked. I recognize the kindness of your intention, though the counsel itself is superfluous. You have reminded me that marriage is a risk; but you, I think, have had no reason to believe that my consent may be lightly obtained."

Madame Caussade now terminated the conversation by a slight bow, and entered the house.

"Does she love him?" thought Servian. "Can so much wit, beauty, and grace, fall to the lot of this braggart? No; I will unmask him, though I get but ingratitude for my pains."

At the same moment which witnessed this resolution, Estelle, spite of the calm assurance she had externally displayed, became sensible in the depths of her soul of a doubt hitherto unknown. "Although Monsieur Servian's jealousy throws some suspicion on his opinion," she said to herself, "I must confess that there was reason in what he said. Monsieur Tonayryon's chief attraction is an intrepidity of character almost amounting to heroism; it is true I have confidence in this, but what *proof* have I ever had?"

The heroism of Monsieur Raoul was thus menaced by a double test; and on the following morning a curious accident afforded to Estelle the opportunity of exercising hers, and thus satisfying all her doubts.

The extensive park which surrounded Colonel Herbelin's residence touched on the Forest of Compiègne, and was separated from it only by a deep fosse, and a hedge in very bad condition. Behind this enclosure was a belt of traps and snares, destined to punish the havoc made by the hares, rabbits, and larger game of the forest on the Colonel's domain. It happened, on the morning in question, that Felix Cambier had started very early on a hunting expedition. His pointer and himself having beaten the woods for some time with indifferent success, were, at length, slowly returning homeward by the side of the hedge, when he observed, at the bottom of a deep trap, an object which almost consoled him for past disappointments. This was a large wolf, rendered doubly savage by its ineffectual though violent efforts to escape from the unwanted confinement. Having assured himself that its exit was impossible, Felix, for the pre-

sent, granted it life; and, when he had completed a leisurely examination of the animal, proceeded home to breakfast, which was nearly over by the time he joined the party. He related, of course, the occurrence which had detained him, and excited in the mind of Madame Caussade so eager a desire to be introduced to their singular captive, that, in deference to her impatience, his breakfast was rather inconveniently abbreviated, and the whole party adjourned to the Park.

At the aspect of the curious group which surrounded the edge of the trap, the wolf ceased its useless bounds, and crouched down in a corner.

"Is that the ferocious animal you spoke of?" inquired Estelle, struck with its apparent alarm; "why a small dog looks more formidable. Mustapha would kill it directly."

"I doubt it," said Servian.

"What do you not doubt?" replied Madame Caussade.

"For my own part, madam," said Tonayrion, "I am quite of your opinion; a mere kick would disable such an animal as that—it could scare nothing but sheep."

"You would not fear, then, to approach it unarmed?" inquired the lady.

"One should not boast of one's own performances," replied the hero. "It is true, I have fought with a lion; but one is not always equally disposed for such amusements."

He then bestowed on his auditors a long history of his combat with the monarch of the desert; and described the manner in which, by introducing his yataghan vertically into its mouth, he had, as it were, gagged it, until he was able to shoot it comfortably and leisurely.

As Estelle listened to this remarkable adventure, she experienced a strong accession of incredulity. "He relates too much," she thought; "and these extraordinary events happen only to himself; it is evident that Servian has no faith in this one, and that little Felix is biting his lips to suppress his laughter." There was in her character a sort of fierce determination, which rendered doubt intolerant to her. For Estelle to conceive a project was to execute it; accustomed from infancy to follow her own caprices rather than the laws of cold circumspection, which generally regulate the conduct of women, she acted without forethought, and on the impulse of the moment. Now, this inspiration was generally excellent, sometimes adventurous, but in the present instance so rash and eccentric, that we should scarcely dare to mention it, had we not impressed on the minds of our readers that Madame Caussade was young, pretty, witty, fascinating, and, finally—a widow! What more can be said? Surely by virtue of these qualifications she must be forgiven a whim which would have appeared extravagant at least in an awkward school-girl, a respectable matron, or the virtuously ugly mother of a family.

Leaning, then, over the edge of the trap, she devoted her attention to teasing the prisoner, by shaking her cambric handkerchief over its head; all at once she feigned terror at some

quick movement of the animal, started violently, and the delicate fabric fell into the possession of the wolf. "My handkerchief!" she exclaimed, "the creature will devour it!" These words were accompanied by a speaking glance at Tonayrion. There could be but one manner of understanding and obeying this look—to jump into the trap, and hasten to the rescue; but whether his perception or his courage failed him, certain it is that he did nothing of the kind. Instead of heroically tearing from the wolf the handkerchief which it had just seized, he cast his eyes around, and perceiving a fishing-rod which had been left near the hedge, he ran to fetch it. On observing this prudent expedient of her lover, the favor with which Estelle had regarded him changed to sudden but decided aversion. "Another mask fallen, another hero vanished," thought she. Involuntarily she turned to Servian. Accustomed to read her thoughts and study her character, he had divined all, and could not resist a smile at the result of her plan, for there is always something agreeable in the discomfiture of a rival, even though we may not hope to profit by it.

"It appears," said he, with perfidious pleasantry, "that this gentleman, who takes lions with a hook, wishes also to fish for wolves with a line."

Instead of laughing at this witticism, Madame Caussade turned her back on the speaker; and in consequence of this movement found herself face to face with Felix. On the countenance of the future officer was written such absolute devotion and fierce resolution, that the young widow, who had hitherto regarded him as a child, now for the first time thought of him as a man. At this moment, the capricious sprite, of which we have already spoken, whispered in her ear, "What a humiliation for Monsieur Raoul, if this young man, whom he affects to despise, should surpass him in courage!" Yielding to an irresistible temptation, she looked earnestly at Felix, who, under the fascination of her glance, was suddenly transformed from the Page to the Knight. He fancied himself endowed with the stature of a giant, the heart of a lion, the arm of Hercules; and, in a transport of enthusiasm, he jumped into the trap. "Felix!" exclaimed Servian, angrily; whilst Estelle, already repentant, could not resist a cry of horror.

The descent of a thunderbolt could not have surprised the savage brute more than this unexpected invasion of its own peculiar territory. Quitting the handkerchief, which was by this time almost torn to pieces, it crouched down in a corner, exhibiting to the aggressor a double row of sharp teeth, and other equally unpleasant symptoms of its hostile intentions. At this sight, Felix lost three parts of his enthusiasm; for some seconds he could only contemplate his adversary with suspended breath, fixed eye, and palpitating heart.

"Give me your hand," said Servian, who had knelt down to assist his nephew's exit.

"I am dishonored," replied the youth, "if I do not rescue this handkerchief; they will say

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I am a coward; and I must prove the contrary, if I am devoured for it."

So saying, he gently stooped down; but had no sooner touched the unfortunate canibrie, than the wolf sprang upon him, and bit him in the arm and breast. Felix vainly attempted to defend himself; in a second he was on the ground, and those same sharp teeth were piercing through his cravat. At this sight, Servian instantly threw himself in, and seizing the wolf by the nape of his neck, with incredible vigor dragged it from Felix, and forced it down on its flank; he then knelt on it, compressing its throat at the same time so violently between his hands, that the animal speedily exhibited more tongue than teeth. Madame Caussade, instead of fainting, as most women would have done under the same circumstances, hastily detached the girdle of her morning-dress, and threw it to Servian, who by this means was enabled, safely and dexterously, to terminate the existence of the previously half-strangled animal. He then turned anxiously to his nephew, who appeared to support himself with difficulty, and to be almost unconscious of what was passing around him. On examining his injuries, he discovered, to his own great relief, that the worst bite was by no means deep, or likely to prove dangerous. "Come," said he, "you have only a scratch, and remember they are looking at you." Felix raised his head, and perceived Madame Caussade regarding Servian with an air of indescribable astonishment; whilst near her stood Raoul, fishing-rod in hand, evidently disconcerted at the part he had acted in the performance, though his usual pompous and triumphant air was still observable in full force. Felix, ashamed of displaying any emotion, or even the bodily weakness of which he was sensible, endeavored to spring from the trap; it was only by the assistance of his uncle that he at length succeeded; and on the accomplishment of this feat his strength failed him, and he fainted. Servian, who watched him with the most affectionate solicitude, prevented his fall by supporting him in his arms.

"Is he dangerously wounded?" anxiously inquired Estelle.

Servian looked at her with a freezing glance, and presenting the remains of her handkerchief, replied—"You, at least, should be contented, Madam; for there is blood on it."

To this severe but just reproof the lady only responded by a blush of shame and contrition, which, however, was unnoticed by him who had called it forth, as bearing the youth in his arms he had advanced rapidly towards the house.

Madame Caussade having revealed to Monsieur Tonayrion her opinion of his character in certain ironical compliments and pointed sarcasms, finally deputed him to the *honorable* task of picking up her girdle, and also left the spot.

For some hours after his adventure, Felix, suffered from an attack of fever, brought on, it appeared, less by the slight injury he had sustained, than by the mental uneasiness he endured in reflecting on what he termed his own

cowardice. No sooner was his strength in some slight degree restored, than he secretly left the house, explaining this step in a note to his uncle, by saying that he felt it impossible, after his late despicable weakness, to present himself before those who had witnessed it; that he had therefore departed at once for St Cyr, hoping in some way to have retrieved his character before his next meeting with his uncle and Madame Caussade.

"It is quite as well," thought Servian. "The society of a woman as fascinating as Estelle would only fill his head with romantic ideas, quite incompatible with serious study."

It is just possible that this little feeling of satisfaction arose as much from the jealousy of the lover as the anxiety of the uncle, though he was far from acknowledging a weakness which he would have deemed unworthy of himself. He had hitherto regarded Estelle's humors and caprices with that tender indulgence usually felt by a man of mature age towards the woman he loves. "She has an excellent heart," he thought; "and spoiled as she has been by her father and husband, how could she be otherwise than a little headstrong and self-willed?" It was thus Servian had justified and excused his affection; but the incident connected with the wolf had caused a decided change in his sentiments, and he made no effort to conceal from Estelle the painful impression left on his mind by what he termed her inhumanity on the occasion.

Love is undeniably a fantastic elf. Simultaneously with Servian's resolution to abandon a worship which his reason condemned, there awoke in Madame Caussade's heart an attachment which, for two years, had been suppressed, and which she had imagined to be altogether extinguished. Servian exposing his life for his nephew assumed in her eyes a glorious dignity which he had never before presented. The man of forty and the young widow seemed to have changed characters; to him now appertained pride, coldness, and sarcasm; to her, gentleness, discretion, and patience. Hitherto the victim, Servian now became the aggressor; and foreseeing, perhaps, a return of his heart-servitude, he hastened to profit by the temporary strength derived from his displeasure. All the bitter remarks formerly launched by Estelle on effeminate men, were now by him repaid with interest to the score of unfeminine women; and a bystander would have been amused on such occasions to observe the air of nonchalante grace with which she would ensconce herself in an arm-chair, and play with a piece of work previously untouched for months—in short, act the part of a frail beauty, whom a breath would almost have annihilated. Strange and inexplicable as it may appear, the anger of Servian pleased her; and in proportion as she saw him ripe for revolt, her desire for his love increased. When patient, gentle, and respectful, she had ill-treated him; and now that he was sarcastic and provoking, she listened with a submission resembling tenderness.

To the Colonel and Monsieur Tonayrion this reaction was quite inexplicable; and the former

at length determined, by speaking to Servian, to remedy, if possible, the unsatisfactory condition of affairs; he therefore lost no time in assuring him frankly of his own personal desire for his marriage with Estelle, and also of his conviction that, if so disposed, he might yet win her, and checkmate Tonayrion. "Her only grievance against you," he added, "is a mere piece of childish folly."

Servian could not repress a feeling of satisfaction on learning that her rejection of him had arisen not from a general dislike, but from some individual cause of offence. In vain he ransacked his memory, for the Colonel had obstinately persisted in leaving his curiosity unsatisfied; finally, his displeasure vanished before his love, and he sought with Estelle the explanation which it may be imagined she had no wish to avoid. The commencement of the conversation may pass unrecorded; suffice it to say, that they were perfectly contented with each other before Servian even thought of inquiring the particular misdeed for which he had been made to suffer.

"You remember," said Madame Caussade, "our journey to Vichy, when the diligence was stopped by robbers. On that occasion—I fancied—I was deceived, I know—but it appeared to me then—that you were afraid!"

These words she uttered softly and rapidly, like a penitent confessing a mortal sin.

"And is this your sole grievance?" said Servian, smiling with calm serenity.

"My only one. But tell me, was I not mistaken?"

"No!" he replied, passionately, "I was afraid; and the mere recollection of that moment sends a shudder through my frame. Is it possible that you, a woman, did not understand? You were there; these wretches were armed; and at the first show of resistance a ball might have struck you; and yet you could not understand why I trembled?"

"I did not think of that," she replied; "and yet they tell me I have some penetration."

Servian took the hand she offered, and pressed it tenderly in his own.

The lovers were seated by the window, enjoying the first happy moment of complete mutual confidence and reconciliation; then the door was burst open, and Colonel Herbelin entered.

"Where is Monsieur Tonayrion?" he inquired hastily.

"In his room, I suppose," replied Madame Caussade; "have you anything to say to him?"

"Many things," said her father, in a somewhat ill-tempered tone; "and the first thing will be, to wish him a pleasant journey. I think he has honored us with his company quite as long as is necessary."

"You have had letters from Paris," said Estelle eagerly.

"I have," replied the Colonel, "and containing some very edifying information. Margeron has delayed replying to my inquiries; but he had his reasons."

Monsieur Herbelin now drew a letter from his pocket, and, in a voice accentuated with anger, read aloud the following words:—

"As soon as I received your note, my old comrade, I began the business in question; the information I have obtained may be relied on as authentic. Tonayrion Jean Raoul is the son of a perfumer at Bordeaux, was formerly clerk to a notary, but now, without profession or fortune, is well known at low gaming-houses. As to his courage, that is more than equivocal. He has been known to engage in two duels; but the first, in which pistols were used, was with a poor wretch three-parts blind, at a distance of thirty-five paces; the second, in which swords were the weapons, was with a child of seventeen, who had never set foot in a fencing-school. If your charming daughter is indiscreet enough to marry a fellow like this, the best thing you can do is to sink all your money in an annuity, unless you feel tempted to try matrimony again yourself; but at our age this is no slight undertaking.

Ever yours,
"MARGERON."

"What do you think of that?" demanded the Colonel, taking off his spectacles with great impetuosity. "I shall now go and order Monsieur Tonayrion to decamp with all speed; and he had better not excite me, or it will be the worse for him."

Estelle detained her father a few minutes, to inform him, with many blushes, of her reconciliation with Servian. This happy news so much appeased his wrath, that, after a warm embrace bestowed on his daughter, and hearty congratulations on his future son-in-law, he departed, in a comparatively calm state of mind, to dismiss the intruder.

Tonayrion, on finding his false plumes stripped from him, was only too happy to depart in peace; and about half-an-hour afterwards, he was observed by the happy family-party assembled in the drawing-room, creeping stealthily from the house, with his worldly possessions in his hand, intending, no doubt, to realize elsewhere the fable of the *ass with the lion's skin*.

MORE THAN A MATCH.—A Scotch farmer, celebrated in his neighborhood for his immense strength and skill in the athletic exercises, very frequently had the pleasure of fighting people who came to try if they could settle him or not. Lord D—, a great pugilistic amateur, had come from London on purpose to fight the athletic Scott. The latter was working in an enclosure at a little distance from his house, when the noble lord arrived. His lordship tied his horse to a tree, and addressed the farmer:—"Friend, I have heard a great deal of talk about you, and I have come a long way to see which of us is the best wrestler." The Scotchman, without answering, seized the nobleman by the middle of the body, pitched him over the hedge, and then set about working. When his lordship had got himself fairly picked up, "Well," said the farmer, "have you anything more to say to me?" "No," replied his lordship; "but perhaps you'd be so good as to throw me my horse."

NIGHT AND MORNING.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

(CONCLUDED.)

Two or three days passed away swiftly, pleasantly. Miss Hentz was very graceful, very agreeable. No, she was more than this—truly fascinating. She was very kind, almost loving, to me. Gregory treated us both with courteous attention. I could see that Annie greatly admired him, but I little suspected what he knew so well. One afternoon, less than a week after Miss Hentz's arrival, I promised Harry Duncan a bouquet for holding some skeins of sewing-silk, while I wound them, and just at sunset, I brought up my scissors, and Mrs. Duncan's sun-bonnet, and went down the garden in quest of some flowers.

I wandered off to an old, dilapidated arbor, hung with a grape-vine, which stood in one corner of the garden, and stumbled suddenly upon Gregory Duncan.

I playfully held up the flowers, that he might inhale their fragrance, and then he pulled off my sun-bonnet, protesting he would not see my face disfigured by such a shockingly unbecoming thing.

"You haven't, yet, any 'right or authority' to prescribe what I shall wear, my dearsir," I poutingly rejoined.

"Well, I shall have, one of these days, darling," he lifted up my face, and looked with his deep, tender eyes, upon the blushes that filled it.

I started; for at that moment I seemed to hear a slight rustling, like that of a person moving stealthily on the other side of the arbor. No; it could only have been the wind rumpling the trailing branches of the old grape-vine. So I stood there, chatting with Gregory, while he held the flowers, and I tied their stems with the blue ribbons, that was Harry's favorite color. I did not see how, with white, rigid face, Annie Hentz stole, meanwhile, into the house.

That night, she paced up and down her room, with her hands clasped behind her, and the lips, around which smiles seemed always to hover like dawning sunshine, crushed together in bitter anger, and fierce resolution.

"To think he loves her!" she muttered; "he, for whom I almost hated the sister who watched over my childhood, with all the tenderness of our dead mother—hated her, because she was his wife! Oh, Gregory! Gregory!" and here a tremulous tenderness crept through the bitter tones. "I have wasted for you the best years of my youth, and now to see the love that would be the crowning joy of my life given to another! It shall not be! Young and innocent as she is, she will never dream of the great ocean which has broadened and deepened in my soul, till I cannot say to the great waves, 'here shalt thou be stayed.' And how I waited for

him during those long, weary years that he was in Europe. How I hurried here to meet him, though my pride bade me stay away until he came to me.

"Oh! curses on the sweet face that won his love! But she shall not have it! I say she shall not," and she stamped her feet madly. "I will circumvent her somehow!" She sat down, for a few moments, on a low ottoman, and buried her face in her hands.

Suddenly she sprang up. "I have it! I have it! Doctor Welsh will do anything for me." A triumphant light flashed over her features. She sat down by the table, and wrote, hurriedly.

Oh! Annie Hentz! Annie Hentz! So blind in your mad passion as to believe the evil shall triumph! Do you not know, hath it not been told you, can you not perceive, that the wrongdoing works its own sentence for time, or for eternity. "Though a sinner do evil an hundred times, and his days be prolonged, yet surely, I know that it will be well with them that fear before God."

"My dear, I want to see you quite alone, and have a long talk with you. Where shall we go?"

Annie Hentz entered the study, just as the school-hours had closed, and leaned over my desk with these words.

"Come up to my room, then; we shall be undisturbed there, and it is yet three hours to supper."

So we went up stairs together. Annie playfully pushed me down on the lounge, and, laying her head in my lap, she demanded a promise of inviolable secrecy. I gave it. Then she told her story, confiding in me, she said, as she had never done in human being.

Dr. Welsh was a young man, who had finished his professional studies only two years before. He had loved Annie with all the tenderness of his proud, strong nature, long before this; but he was poor. Indeed, his family had been miserably so. His mother was a widow, and an Englishwoman, who supported herself by taking in plain sewing, but nature had set its own royal seal upon her son, and Annie cared not for his antecedents.

Her aunt, however, with whom she had always lived, and whose idol she had been, was greatly opposed to the union. She was a proud woman, and a resolute one, and, for her love's sake, Annie could not offend or grieve her.

So the doctor and she waited, patient and hopeful. His practice was constantly increasing, and his social position was now a very enviable one to Annie's, for the world could not help recognizing so much worth and talent. In a

year or two, Annie doubted not she should be able to overcome her aunt's prejudices, and marry him.

The doctor had written her that business would bring him to the vicinity of B—, and that he should devote a few days to visiting Annie.

"I am very anxious that Gregory should know nothing of our engagement," concluded the lady, "for he might reveal it to aunt, you know, he is so punctilious in matters of duty. So I am going to ask Fred, with your permission, to be very polite to you—I mean to show us both equal attention, *publicly*, and you will receive it naturally, so no suspicions may be aroused. You will oblige me in this matter, won't you, dear? it is so very little."

I hesitated a moment. My relations with Gregory placed me in a somewhat awkward position, but I could not reveal this, for he had interdicted it.

Then I reflected. No one in the house was aware of our engagement. Gregory himself treated Annie with the same courtesy he did me, and there would be nothing in the occasional attentions of the doctor, which any lady, married or single, might not accept.

Then, those soft, pleading eyes, looking up wistfully under their long lashes, were more effective than any other arguments. "Yes, dear, I will treat him with the same politeness I would any guest, who did not visit one member of our family exclusively."

I sealed the promise with a kiss, for I loved Annie, and her thanks more than repaid me for what seemed so very small a matter.

The next day the doctor came. I was prepared to like him, and, on the whole, I did. He was gentlemanly, fine-looking, and agreeable, without any great depth, or originality of character, so it seemed to me.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan were very hospitable, and received him, as Annie's neighbor and friend, very cordially.

The second evening after his arrival, Miss Hentz proposed a walk to the cemetery, in which we all acquiesced. I had hardly seen Gregory during the day, and as I stood in the alcove of the window, he came up to me, and whispered: "Millicent, I would like you should walk with me, to-night. I have something to say to you."

"Very well; I will join you in a moment." And I ran up stairs for my bonnet and shawl.

"Millicent, my dear, I think Jane begins to have a suspicion that the doctor cares too much for me. You know his eyes will speak when they look at me. He will ask you to walk with him to night. You understand," hurriedly whispered Annie, as, dressed for our walk, we met at the sitting-room door.

Then we went in. I did not like to tell her of Gregory's invitation, and, indeed, there was no time to do this.

I was greatly embarrassed by my position, as I left the house. At the gate, both gentlemen offered me an arm. Another glance from under those shining lashes, and I accepted the doctor's, really too much bewildered to know what I

ought to do; for to have refused him would have betrayed, to Annie, my partiality for Gregory, which he had requested me not to do.

I saw a shadow darken the face of my betrothed. I should have seen a deeper one had I heard Annie's remark, as soon as we were out of hearing.

"I really think, Gregory, we shall have a practical illustration of love at first sight. Do you not see how attentive the doctor is to Millicent, and I fancy the lady is in no wise reluctant?"

For several following days I saw very little of Mr. Duncan. I had intended to explain, as well as I could, without betraying Annie, the cause of my declining his company. But no opportunity presented itself for this.

I seemed unavoidably thrown with the doctor, though I do not think either of us greatly enjoyed this, for each heart was with another.

The day Doctor Welsh left, Annie Hentz was taken ill with a severe headache. She sent for me to come to her room, and informed me that the doctor, who, I supposed, had left in the afternoon train, had engaged to meet her in the arbor that evening, at eight o'clock.

He was to give her a locket containing his miniature, which he had had taken for her that day. Beside, he had some messages which he could only deliver privately.

"Millicent, you know what my heart asks. It is the last time. Oh! if you ever loved, if you have the heart of a woman, do not refuse me!"

The tones were full of pleading, but, oh! the clasped hands, the bright eyes, shining through their heavy tears—these were more so. Oh! Annie Hentz, had you the "heart of a woman!" But God have mercy upon you, even as I have tried to!

"Yes, I will go." The words came very reluctantly from my lips, but I could not look in her face and refuse her.

"Gregory, my brother, I am very sorry for you," Annie leaned over him, and her fair face was full of tender, mournful pity, as she pushed, with her soft fingers, the heavy, dark hair from his forehead.

They were all alone together, for she had sent him a message to come up to her room, and read the last magazine to her.

He had been doing this for an hour, and now, as he closed the book, she spoke those half-tender, half-sorrowful words, leaning, as I said, over his chair.

"Why, Annie"—half startled—"for what reason do you pity me?"

"I had rather die than tell you, and yet—and yet—were you not my idolized Laura's husband? are you not still my darling brother?"

So, with her woman's art, she succeeded in arousing his curiosity, his fears. Then, yielding to his entreaties, with her soft voice, and broken sobs, she told the tale.

It was this. That I had revealed to her my engagement with Gregory, and my subsequent repentance of this. I had given the truth and the love I pledged to him, to the young doctor

—there was a deep, low groan, which interrupted the speaker. He clasped her hands, wildly.

"Annie, Annie; can it be true that Millicent, my betrothed wife, has done this?"

"Alas! how should I know of your engagement, if she had not told me, Gregory? But Millicent has made an appointment to meet the doctor in the old grape arbor at the foot of the garden, at eight o'clock. You can witness the meeting if you chose, by establishing yourself behind the old apple tree on the right."

It was a dark, cold evening, although it was mid-summer. Gray clouds blanketed over the sky, and it was with a kind of shuddering chill that I cautiously closed the door, and hurried down the walk to meet the doctor. Perhaps I did wrong in acceding to Annie's wishes. It is better always to live the truth, if it be possible. But Annie's reasoning was very plausible, and she had acquired a great influence over me. I do not know but my moral perceptions were obscured, but I do know, if I had been certain that this was not right, I should not have done as I did.

The doctor was there. At first he thought I was Annie, and clasped me to his heart. He held my hands while he talked with me, giving me many messages of tenderness and love for her, though his love tones could not penetrate far beyond the arbor. "You will take this to her," he said, as we parted, leaving a kiss upon my forehead, with the locket he laid in my hand.

I hurried back to the house. In a few moments, Gregory entered the room. We all noticed he was very white, with a strange glare in his eyes. He merely replied, to our inquiries, that he was ill, and went to his own room, while I repaired to Annie's; but Gregory's white look haunted me all night. The next day I was confined to my room with a severe cold, taken the night before in the damp, old arbor. Annie was very kind to me.

Toward night, Mrs. Duncan entered my chamber with a strange, startled look. "Millicent," and she then threw herself down by the bedside. "Something very singular has happened—something that has completely overcome me. Gregory has gone—gone without a single word, without even saying good-bye. He has taken dear little Will with him, and only left a brief letter for his brother, saying he should not return for a year or two. We do not even know where he has gone," and she burst into tears.

Of the next two days, I remember very little. I lay in a kind of stupor. I hardly think I suffered much then, but oh, when consciousness fully returned to me, when the night settled down, black and stifling upon my life!

He has gone from me forever, without one word or sign of recognition! I could not tear out his memory from my heart. I must bear the great agony alone. Reader, do you know literally, experimentally, what the heart-ache is? No one suspected my suffering. They only knew I was ill, and oh, how kind and tender they were to me.

I could assign no reason for Gregory's departure. Sometimes I thought he had been trifling with me. Then I would remember the radiance that broke into those deep eyes, when they met my own, and believe he loved me! His whole conduct was inexplicable. We had parted! Only the light of eternity should clear up the mystery. Only with the morning bells of immortality breaking on my soul, should the great life-problem be solved.

I regained strength slowly. I could not wander through the house, or out into the garden, for the old haunts struck such swords through my soul.

Annie Hentz had left a few days after Gregory's departure, with many expressions of affection for me, and regret at my illness. Of course, no suspicion of the truth entered my mind. I believed her my friend, and yet, all this time, she was corresponding with Gregory.

At last, I could endure it no longer. The voice that cried out in my heart, through my waking and sleeping hours, "Go, go," must be obeyed. The pleasant cottage was no longer home to me, and I firmly believe, if I had remained there two weeks longer, with those terrible memories, I should have gone stark mad.

But I left—*ran away*—one night, when Mr. and Mrs. Duncan were absent. I could not, of course, assign the true cause for my doing this, but the letter I left behind me, blistered with tears, must have satisfied them it was no lack of affection drew my feet from their threshold.

I had no near kindred, but my mother had a cousin, a plain, honest, good-hearted sort of New England farmer, who resided some two hundred miles from B—. I had seen him but twice in my life. But, in the secluded village where he lived, I should be sure to find, what I most needed, *quiet*.

I went. He received me very kindly; so did his wife, a good, motherly woman, and the two rosy-cheeked, sun-embrowned children, who laid the peace-offering of wild flowers in my lap, and gazed up shyly into my face. And at late evening, when one of those wild rain-storms, which haunt the late summer, gathered into the sky, they marshaled me up stairs to the little spare chamber, where you first met me, reader.

So I lay there, battling with my great suffering until midnight. Then I prayed. I could not do this before, for the words seemed bound on my lips. The tears came; first a blind shower, then, softly, peacefully, and in their midst, I sank into slumber. God's angels had charge concerning me.

I felt that engrossing employment was my only security from madness, and I set right about obtaining it. The largest district school in the vicinity, was to open the next week. The committee had been disappointed in the expected teacher, and I applied for and secured the situation.

It was a very arduous one—just what I needed, for it drove me out of myself. *Excepting faith in God, there is nothing like constant, systematic employment for the suffering.*

Four months rolled by. I turn over their

leaves hastily. There are passages of great darkness along all of them; but there is light, too—light serene and holy—that broke down from Heaven upon my soul. Of course, I heard nothing from Gregory. I had written to Mr. and Mrs. Duncan several times. They had forgiven my leaving their house, much as it had grieved them.

At the end of these four months, in early November, a letter came for me sealed with black. I opened it, and read that my cousin, Richard Wild, and his wife had died suddenly with a contagious fever, which had stricken many homes in their neighborhood. They had left no children, and I was sole heiress of the estate.

They were all the relatives I had on earth and, deeply as they had wronged me, I could but sorrow sincerely for their death. In less than three hours, I was on my way to their funeral. After this took place, I found it was imperatively necessary that I should reside at the old homestead, until the estate should all be settled.

Well, time's loom wove out the old year, and, when the white threads of January were first braided together, the light broke again upon my life. It occurred very singularly, as all great events do.

We had had a very severe snow-storm, and this, with slight indisposition, confined me to the house for several days.

Late one afternoon, the clouds lightened, and the snow ceased. A path had been cleared to the front gate, and I enveloped myself in a cloak and hood, and went out to take a brisk walk in the clear, frosty air. I had just reached the gate, when a one-horse sleigh wheeled suddenly round the corner of our house. I had a full view of the rider's face, as he turned it curiously toward the quaint, old building. No wonder I staggered and caught hold of the gate slats; for Gregory Duncan was before me! I knew him with the first glance.

He did not recognize me, for the hood half concealed my face. The sleigh swept by. I saw this, and felt that in another moment he would be beyond recall. Hardly conscious of what I was doing, it seemed without my own volition, I called out to him loudly, wildly—"Gregory! Gregory Duncan! come back to me!"

The reins were drawn up suddenly. I saw the driver wheel the vehicle round, with a look of profound astonishment on his face. Then he drew up to the gate.

I pushed back my hood. There was a quick start, and his face grew very pale—"Millicent Wild!"

"Will you come into the house with me only five minutes? I must see you"—I asked with white lips and shaking limbs.

He hesitated a moment. "Are you married?" I shook my head. I could not speak, for the question seemed so cruel an one.

He sprang out, and we went up to the house together. We walked into the parlor, and I shut the door. There I stood, calm, resolute, before him. "Now, Gregory Duncan, neither

maidenly reserve or womanly pride shall interfere with the right I have to ask you this question—the right as your once betrothed wife:—Why have you treated me as you have done?"

"Why? Because you were false to me!—Because you, my betrothed wife, listened to the love-vows of Dr. Welsh, and I myself witnessed your clandestine meeting with him, in the old arbor. Oh! Millicent, Millicent! I would have died before I had otherwise believed this of you!"

What a cry of anguish broke through all the reproach of his words. The light began to dawn dimly upon me.

"I was not false to you, Gregory."

And then, with my eyes looking all the time into his, I told him every circumstance of my acquaintance and intercourse with Dr. Welsh.

His face gradually changed as I proceeded. It lightened, it brightened, it triumphed! He was not a demonstrative man, but, as I closed, he gathered me up into his arms, close to his heart. He held me there strongly, almost madly, like a man. "Mine! mine own!—lost and found!" he murmured, and then he wept like a woman.

That night, sitting at his feet, the entire duplicity which Annie Hentz had practiced was made known to me. She had lived with Gregory and his wife the year before the latter died, and it was the knowledge of Annie's affection for him—which Gregory felt he could never reciprocate—that induced him to go to Europe. Beautiful, gentle, attractive, he always thought his wife's sister; but he was an acute student of human nature, and he felt that there was a lack of principle in her character, for which no brilliant endowments or fine qualities could ever compensate.

He had requested me not to inform her of my engagement, because he was certain I should thereby incur her hatred; for Annie had, in countless ways, revealed to Gregory the affection he had inspired. But her plans worked well. They had corresponded during his absence; for he had been travelling in South America. Of me he had never heard, and of his brother only indirectly.

A distant relative of Annie's had recently died, and left her heiress to some property, which was, however, greatly involved. She had urgently entreated Gregory to come and aid her in the adjustment of the affairs. The severe snow-storm had injured the road so much, it was deemed unsafe to travel on it, and he was hurrying across the State by a private conveyance, when—his eyes and that old smile finished the sentence.

"And if you had seen her, Gregory?"

"I cannot tell. She is an artful woman, Millicent, and of late my heart had warmed toward her. She was the only one earth that loved me. Oh! God must have sent this angel on the road, to-day."

That night we wrote briefly to Annie Hentz: "We have seen each other, and know all.—May God forgive you. "MILICENT WILD.

"GREGORY DUNCAN."

At last I told him of myself. How the great fortune had come to me, in the little secluded village where I had buried myself; and how—but you know all the rest, reader. Then we knelt down together, and blessed God, who had given us the Morning after the Night.

In the next May, we were married, among country blossoms and bird songs.

We live in the old house. Will, my darling boy, is with us, and his bright face and merry voice make glad through these long summer days, the heart of his mother who is on earth; she hopes, sometimes the heart of his mother: who is in Heaven.

I am very happy. Gregory, my husband—but here my pen must pause. The life of his wife shall only praise him. So, with the heavenly and the earthly love all about me, I go on my life-way, watching and waiting for the time when the Father shall call me; for not here is our "abiding place."

Annie is married to the doctor. She never answered our letter. I know nothing of her present life, but I never, at night, lie my head on my pillow, till I have prayed God, in his great mercy, to forgive her.

TOO LATE.

BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

Underneath a birchen tree,
Where long grass and daisies grow,
Where in spring the violets blow,
On a moonlit eve stood we,
I and Effie, long ago.

Smiling, "Carve my name," she said,
"On the birch-tree's silver rind,
It shall sometimes call to mind
In the upward path you tread,
Lowlier pleasures, left behind."

There I carved it by the moon,
Effie standing smiling by,
And her soft hands resting nigh;
And before again it shone,
Far upon the sea rode I.

Far from Effie and from home,
Filled with yearnings deep and stormy,
In the land of Art and Song,
In the solemn-shadowed Rome,
Many years I lingered long.

There I learned the sculptor's art;
Thirsted, toiled, and wrought for Fame,
Toiled to win a deathless name;
Once to my forgetful heart,
From my love a missive came.

Only "On the tree," it said,
"All the letters are o'ergrown;
One for every summer flown,

And the tree itself is dead:"
"Ha!" cried I, "it was not stone."

Still I lingered, toiled for Fame;
And the warning threads of grey
Thick upon my temples lay,
When from home the tidings came,
Saying, "Effie died in May!"

Woke I then as one that dreamed—
Marvelling at my life's low sun,
At the day so nearly done;
And like circling serpents, seemed
All the laurels I had won!

Homeward o'er the tossing tide!
Restless heart on restless wave!
And beside my Effie's grave,
One who loved her till she died,
To my hand this message gave.

Only "Carve my name," wrote she,
"On the marble o'er my head,
On the white slab o'er my bed,
As you carved it on the tree,
In the blessed May-time fled."

Underneath yon sculptured stone,
Where the willows droop so low,
Where long grass and violets grow,
Sleeps the young heart, early won,
Won and broken, long ago!

BRIGHT HOURS AND GLOOMY.

Ah, this beautiful world! indeed, I know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all gladness and sunshine, and heaven itself lies not far off; and then it suddenly changes, and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the day. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come gloomy hours, when the fire will not burn on our hearths, and all without and within is dismal, cold, and dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not, and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.—*Longfellow.*

WHAT CAN WOMAN DO?*

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Soon after day dawned, Mr. Eldridge went to the room where his wife slept, and awakened her.

"I've been up all night, Harriet," said he; "and feel very weary. Will you come and stay with Katy, while I lie down for an hour?"

"Will I? Of course I will! You speak as if I had no interest in the child," replied Mrs. Eldridge, pettishly.

A keen retort was on the lips of Mr. Eldridge, but he kept it back.

"Is she sleeping?" enquired Mrs. Eldridge.

"No; I left her awake. She slept tolerably well through the night, poor child!"

The tone of pity in which Mr. Eldridge said "poor child," annoyed his wife, for it seemed to imply a doubt of her right feeling for the suffering little one.

"Poor child!"—she repeated the words in a slightly contemptuous voice. "You talk and act as if no body cared for her but yourself."

"Actions speak for themselves," coldly replied Mr. Eldridge, as he turned away, and went to another apartment.

The retort stung Mrs. Eldridge; for she had passed the night sleeping, while her husband watched with Katy.

After taking some time to dress, she went into Katy's room. She was far from being in a gentle frame of mind. Tenderness did not rule her feelings. She felt cold toward her child; the coldness having its origin in the implied censure of her husband, for that indifference which could permit her to sleep through the night, and leave to him the task of watching. She did not smile as she approached the bed, and asked, in a voice that stirred no loving emotion—

"How are you, dear?"

"I'm better," and Katy, whose large eyes had been eagerly reading her mother's face for some love-records, turned her head aside, and let the long lashes, wet with tears of pain a little while before, fall slowly upon her pale cheeks. How sad the poor child felt! Helpless, and exhausted by suffering, her heart asked for tender pity, and longed for loving words, that only a mother's voice could utter. But they came not at the moment when expectation was most eager; and the pain of disappointment then felt, was the keenest her young spirit had known.

Mrs. Eldridge noticed the movement, and was annoyed by it. The mother's love was not strong enough in her heart to make her comprehend the mental condition of her child. She did not understand the new state into which she had been born, nor imagined the new capacities and new desires with which she had been suddenly endowed.

"Why do you turn your head away?" she asked in a quick, stern voice.

Katy's eyes flew up, and, with a surprised, grieving look, she turned them upon her mother's face. Mrs. Eldridge saw that they were full of tears.

A faint glimmer of light came into her mind, and an emotion of true pity for her child was awakened in her heart; but the light was very dim, and the emotion feeble.

Katy answered not in words, and the harsh query was not repeated. Silence followed, while the distance between mother and child increased instead of diminishing.

"Did you sleep through the night?" asked Mrs. Eldridge.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you feel any pain now?"

"Not much."

"You feel some pain?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Where?"

"All over my back."

The eyes of Katy were fixed on her mother's face, while the questions and answers passed, looking for some tokens of the pity and tenderness for which her heart was panting. But she found them not. The selfish mother's thoughts were with herself rather than with her child. Without asking Katy if she wanted anything, or if there was anything that she could do for her, Mrs. Eldridge left the bedside, and commenced putting things in order about the room.

"Was ever a place in such confusion!" she muttered. "Dear! dear!" she went on as she moved about the room—"a tumbler of water spilled on the carpet, that's soaking wet. Who did this?"

"It was father, I believe," answered Katy, to whom the question was addressed.

"I didn't suppose it was any body else!"

Katy could not understand why her mother should turn upon her with an angry look and tone, when she simply answered her question, and that, too, with a feeling of reluctance, because she feared that blame might be attached to her father.

Talking to herself in a fretful, impatient way, Mrs. Eldridge continued moving about the room, until everything was restored to something like order; and it cannot be denied that the whole aspect of the apartment was materially changed for the better. All it wanted was the light of love to warm its icy coldness of aspect, and to soften its harsher outlines.

"Do you want anything?"

The most important work done—that of "putting things to right"—the mother next thought of her child. The question was made in a tone that almost extorted a negative answer—it was so full of indifference.

"No, ma'am," answered Katy. There was a sadness in the feeble voice which uttered these words, that made its way to the consciousness

*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by T. S. ARTHUR & Co., in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

of Mrs. Eldridge, and rebuked her strange coldness toward her child.

"Would you like a drink of cool water?"

"Yes, ma'am. I'm very dry."

"Why didn't you say so, when I asked a moment ago, if you wanted anything?"

An instant flush of anger was in the mother's face.

"You act as if you thought I didn't want to do anything for you," she added. "Now, I'm not going to have any of this sort of nonsense, my young lady! and you needn't begin with it. When you want anything, say so. It will be bad enough to have you lying about helpless—to be waited on for everything—without having airs put on."

Mrs. Eldridge left the room. When she returned, Katy was sobbing violently.

"Here's the water," said she in a cold, almost harsh voice. "Take it."

But Katy did not look up, nor cease weeping. It was not from passion, nor pride, nor captiousness, that she wept. The harsh accusation of her mother, so unjust toward her, and so cruel under the circumstances, had smitten her young heart, in which new and tender feelings had been created, with such pain that nature cried out in anguish.

"Stop this, now! I'll have none of it!" the mother spoke very sharply.

The poor child tried to rally herself—tried to repress the nervous impulses that were ruling her, but in vain. She sobbed even more violently.

"Take this water! Katy! D'you hear!—You said you were dry; now drink! You needn't put on these airs. They go for nothing with me. I understand you!"

Mrs. Eldridge was angry and resolute, and Katy was unable to control herself.

"You've got to drink it!" said the mother, blind with passion.

She was passing a hand under the shoulders of Katy, in order to raise her up, and force the water into her mouth, when her husband, who had been listening in a state of strong excitement to what his wife was saying, no longer able to restrain his feelings, came into the room. Seeing the movement, and knowing that the instant an attempt to lift her in that way was made, terrible pain, if not displacement of the spine, would be the consequence, he sprang forward, and, grasping the arm of his wife, drew her from the bed with almost a giant's force, exclaiming as he did so,

"Mad woman! Do you wish to kill your child!"

"What spirit possesses you!" he added, turning to where she now stood, frightened at the sudden movement, and scowling fiercely upon her. "Don't you know that her spine is injured? and that she must not be moved, except with the greatest care?"

A little while the husband and wife stood glaring at each other. The latter soon recovered from the stupor of surprise into which the assault had thrown her.

"You will repent of this," she spoke in a

low, resolute voice. "I have said that no man should ever lay his hand on me in anger, and not repent of it, and I will keep my word to the death!"

The blood which had a few moments before crimsoned her face, all left it; and she stood, motionless and statue-like, with a countenance pale and distorted.

Mr. Eldridge was in no mood for conciliation; so he only waved his hand impatiently, and curled his lip. The cool contempt with which he met her threatening words, which were no unmeaning utterance, stung his wife into momentary madness. With an imprecation that startled him by its profanity, she glanced from the room, and left him alone with their frightened little one.

Silently, Mr. Eldridge sat down by the side of Katy, partly averting his face from her, yet moving his hand over the bed until it rested on one of hers, which it grasped with a tender pressure, that was returned eagerly.

"Will you have some water?" he asked, after a few moments had elapsed.

"No, father. I'm not dry now," murmured the child.

"Don't you want anything?"

"No, father."

"Does your back pain you much?"

"Not now."

The heart of Mr. Eldridge swelled with tenderness for Katy, as her little hand kept clasping his, its touch of love thrilling to his heart—and he leaned over and kissed her.

"I love you, father." It seemed as if the child could not keep back the words from her lips.

"Dear Katy!" He kissed her again, and then sat for a long time silent, buried in troubled thoughts, and trying to penetrate the thick clouds that darkened his sky and shadowed the way along which his feet must tread.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Weakly, "Is Katy dead?"

"No. It would be better, perhaps, if she were!"

"You are terribly agitated, Mrs. Eldridge. What has happened?"

"That which crushes all softness out of my woman's heart. Eldridge has dared to put his hands on me!"

"What!"

"Has dared to put his hands on me in anger, and I'll never forgive him!"

"Sit down—calm yourself," said Mrs. Weakly. "This is serious business!"

"It is serious business. Half-an-hour ago he did that to me, which he will never have the opportunity of repeating. I have left his house, and forever. All I want here, is shelter for a few days, and your wise counsel."

"Both of which, dear, injured friend! you shall have. But tell me all that has happened."

"I can remember nothing except that he laid his hand on me in anger. This blasting fact sweeps all else from my memory."

"Strike a wife!" exclaimed Mrs. Weakly, excited into strong womanly indignation. "My blood seethes at the mention of such an outrage! You did well to leave on the instant."

"He did not strike me." No: Mrs. Eldridge said not these words, although they sprung to her lips, and truth pleaded for their utterance.

"Strike a wife!" repeated the friend. "Such a thing has not before been known in Arden!"

"Where is your husband?" enquired Mrs. Eldridge.

"He hasn't come down yet, this morning."

"I do not wish to meet him," said Mrs. Eldridge.

"No necessity for that. Come up with me to our little spare-room, and you shall be cloistered like a nun."

The two women went hastily and silently up to the spare chamber, which was in the story above where Mr. Weakly slept.

"How you tremble! Compose yourself," said Mrs. Weakly, as they entered the room. "Haden't you better lie down?"

Mrs. Eldridge threw herself, with an abandoned air, upon the bed, giving way to a flood of tears as she did so.

"My poor unhappy friend! To think that this dreadful ordeal was in store for you. I never could have believed it of Eldridge—the brute! To strike a wife! the climax of all outrages. Do you know that was the reason why Mrs. Glendy separated from her husband?"

"I never heard it before."

"It is true. I once had the whole story from her own lips. She is not much given to the melting mood, but I can tell you, she cried like a child when she related the circumstance. She loved her husband; but the outrage was one that her pride never would forgive. She loved him to the last hour of his life; but never saw him from the day he lifted his hand against her, and never forgave him. She is a woman of true spirit. We must advise with her."

"O, yes, I must see her, and as soon as possible. My own thoughts are too much in confusion. I cannot see clearly. I am in the centre of a bewildering maze."

"How is poor little Katy?" asked Mrs. Weakly, her thoughts naturally reverting to the child.

"Don't speak of her!" exclaimed Mrs. Eldridge, putting up both hands, and averging her face. "I cannot bear it!"

It did occur to Mrs. Weakly that, perhaps, under the circumstances, something was due from Mrs. Eldridge to her hopelessly injured little one, and that, for her sake, a great deal ought to have been endured. She could not really understand how it was possible for a mother to abandon her child to stranger-hands, only a few hours after having been hurt in so dreadful a manner. But the subject appeared to distress her friend so deeply, that she asked no further questions, and tried to push aside from her own mind a view of the case that rather tended to subdue the enthusiasm at first awakened in behalf of the outraged wife. Her own heart told her, that a mother's love, in this

case, should have been stronger than a wife's indignation.

At breakfast, Mr. Weakly said to his wife:—

"Who was the person I heard you talking with so earnestly this morning? The voice sounded like that of Eldridge's wife. She's an early visitor."

"Eldridge's wife!" Mrs. Weakly tossed her head and laughed lightly. "You must have been asleep and dreaming, instead of awake and listening, as you imagined. Eldridge's wife! Poor thing!"—the voice fell to a more sober tone—"She has something else to do, with her broken-backed child, besides gadding about before breakfast in the morning."

"So I should imagine," said Mr. Weakly. "Poor little thing! I wonder how she passed the night. It was a dreadful accident. I cannot bear to think of it."

"Dreadful, indeed. Poor child!" said Mrs. Weakly, in a tone of womanly sympathy; "What a life she has before her. If she were my child, I could wish her dead rather than so hopelessly crippled and deformed."

After breakfast, Mr. Weakly went out, as usual, to his business, and Mrs. Weakly hurried up to her friend with a cup of tea, and some light articles of food. The tea only was taken; and then the question—"What is to be done?"—was earnestly debated.

Without the more experienced advice of Mrs. Glendy, it was found impossible to reach any satisfactory conclusion. The day was now too far advanced for Mrs. Eldridge to go abroad, as she would be seen, and she wished, for the present, to remain concealed. So her friend put on her bonnet, and ran over to see the wise counsellor, who was to guide the bark of their mutual friend safely over the dangerous reefs upon which it had been suddenly cast. Her call was an unusually early one, and Mrs. Weakly had to wait a long time before Mrs. Glendy made her appearance. At last she came into the parlor with an impressive air, kissed her visitor warmly, and said, as she grasped her hand—

"Good morning, my dear Mrs. Weakly! You have given me an early and pleasant surprise. But you look serious, my friend. Ah! no wonder. That dreadful scene we witnessed last night was enough to make any one feel serious. Poor Mrs. Eldridge! I pity her from my heart."

"And you may well pity her," said Mrs. Weakly, "for she has a worse trouble than that."

"Worse! How? You startle me!"

"A great deal worse. A trouble past mending," said Mrs. Weakly, in a solemn manner.

"Speak! What is it? I have a heart to feel."

"She had some angry words with her husband this morning, and he—"

Mrs. Weakly paused.

"What?" Mrs. Glendy bent forward eagerly.

"Struck her!"

Mrs. Glendy, who had taken a seat beside her friend, started up, with clenched hand and burning cheeks, exclaiming—

"Man's unpardonable sin against woman! Struck her did you say?" And Mrs. Glendy leaned her face close to that of her friend.

"Yes—struck her," said Mrs. Weakly, speaking low in her throat—"struck her!"

"And she left his house on the instant?"

"She did."

"Right! She would have been unworthy the name of woman had she remained an hour after the commission of such an outrage. Where is she?"

"At my house; and she desires to see you as soon as possible."

"I will be there right early. Say to her, that I deeply sympathize with her—approve her course—and beg of her to be calm, womanly, and resolute."

"How soon may we expect you?" asked Mrs. Weakly.

"In less than half-an-hour."

"What if Mr. Eldridge, learning that his wife is at my house, should call there and demand an interview?"

"Let it be imperatively refused. He has lifted his hand against her, and that act should work an eternal separation between a man and his wife, driving them as far asunder as the antipodes. Henceforth, let them be nothing to each other."

"So say I. If Weakly were to—but that is impossible," added Mrs. Weakly—"It isn't in him; and if it were, his knowledge of my spirit would forever keep his passions under control."

Mrs. Weakly was within a short distance of her house, on her return from Mr. Glendy's, when she saw Mr. Eldridge coming hurriedly down the street. They met at her door. He looked pale and excited.

"Have you seen my wife this morning?" he asked, almost roughly.

"Your wife?" There was evasion in the voice and manner of Mrs. Weakly.

"Yes, my wife. Have you seen her?"

"No, sir," firmly answered Mrs. Weakly.

"She is no longer his wife—that blow severed the bond," she said to herself, in palliation of the falsehood.

Eldridge gazed into the face of Mrs. Weakly for a few moments. She returned his look with an unflinching steadiness, and then said, in a tone of well-feigned interest—

"Poor little Katy! How did she pass the night, and how is she this morning?"

"She is doing as well as could be expected, all things considered," replied Mr. Eldridge. After a moment he added—"You are certain that you have not seen Mrs. Eldridge?"

"I have already answered that question, sir," replied Mrs. Weakly, in an offended manner.

"But why do you ask?" A woman's curiosity prompted this query.

"She left home more than an hour ago, and I cannot imagine where she has gone."

"Why did she leave?" was enquired.

"Heaven knows! I don't."

"Some good reason, no doubt," said Mrs. Weakly.

"Some good reason for a woman, it may be."

Mr. Eldridge curled his lip as he spoke, adding—"Your woman's reasons are generally whims and impulses, as far as I can see. They will, but never think."

"But they know how to will with a will," retorted Mrs. Weakly, in a sharp voice, "as some men know to their cost, and as you may, perhaps, discover, to your sorrow, before you die."

"I've found that out already," said Eldridge.

"But that doesn't signify now. I don't wish to exchange sharp words with any one, but to find my wife. Should you see her, oblige me by saying to her, that her sick and crippled child needs her attention, and must have it."

"Must is no word for a man to utter when speaking of his wife," said Mrs. Weakly.

A slight sound at the moment reached the ears of Mr. Eldridge, and glancing upwards, by a kind of instinct, he saw the face of his wife looking down upon him from between the partly closed shutters above. For only a moment he saw it—in the next it was hidden from his sight.

"Ha!" he ejaculated. "So she is here!"

"Who is here?" boldly asked Mrs. Weakly.

"My wife, as I supposed. Will you bear to her a message from her husband?"

"Your wife is not here," Mrs. Weakly laid a particular emphasis on the word wife.

"I feared that she was in the hands of bad advisers," said Mr. Eldridge, sternly. "It is clear now. A thoughtless, wrong-minded woman, has power to do a vast amount of harm in this world."

"Rail on, sir! Contempt for woman, is, by most of your sex, considered a manly virtue."

Mr. Eldridge waved his hand impatiently, saying—

"I am in no mood to bandy words. Do me only a single favor. Bear this message to my wife."

Curiosity as to the message was stronger than the suddenly formed purpose of Mrs. Weakly to deny the existence of a true marital relation.

"Say on, sir. I am all attention," she replied.

"Tell her, from me, that, for the sake of her suffering child, I wish her to return home at once." Mr. Eldridge spoke very much like a man in earnest—and so he was. "Say to her, that all of this day, the doors of my house remain open; but that, after the sun goes down, they will be closed against her, and forever!"

"Yes, sir, I understand!" And the little woman curled her lip and tossed her head.

"All I desire, madam, is, that you will repeat my words. May I depend on you?" said Eldridge.

"O, certainly, sir. I will give them to the letter," returned Mrs. Weakly, in a defiant manner.

"Good morning!" And before the lady had time for a word in reply, Mr. Eldridge was striding away in the direction of his home.

CHAPTER XX.

Mr. Eldridge, shocked, outraged, and discouraged by the conduct of his wife towards Katy, did not leave the bed side again, until breakfast was announced. For a portion of the time he had remained with his head bowed down, and his face buried in a pillow, the hand of his child clasped tightly within his own. The night had been sleepless, and nature was over-wearied. Complete bodily repose gave power to slumber, and, for a few moments, external consciousness faded, and he dreamed that he saw his wife fleeing from the house. So vivid was this dream, that when he started up at the sound of the breakfast bell, he could not, for a few moments, pass it aside as an airy vision.

"Where is your mother?" he enquired of the two older children, on entering the breakfast-room.

"I don't know," was the answer of both.

Mr. Eldridge turned away, and went hastily up stairs, passing from room to room, but in none of them finding the object of his search.

"Harriet!" he called, in a suppressed voice.

"Harriet!" the tones were louder.

"Harriet!" only echo returned the word.

Mr. Eldridge sat down to think, and if possible, to force his thoughts into order and coherence.

"What does this mean?" he asked of himself. "Where has she gone? Why has she left the house?"

The truth was suggested, but he flung the suggestion aside as improbable.

"No, no! She is not insane enough for that, violent and wrong-headed as she has sometimes shown herself.

But the suggestion, once made, could not be kept out of his mind. He remembered with what angry violence he had laid his hand upon her, and how fearfully excited she had become. Her last passionate threats and imprecations sounded in his ears, as if just flung upon the air, and he perceived in them a meaning not realized before.

"Gracious heavens!" he exclaimed, aloud, as the possibility of her having taken a step, destined to prove so disastrous to all their future, grew distinct in his thoughts. "It cannot be!"

For a time, Mr. Eldridge felt like a man stunned by a heavy blow. There was a pressure on heart and brain. Then, all the suffering, disgrace, desolation, disruptions, and bitter experiences in store for himself and children, were vividly seen, and he groaned aloud, as he looked, in imagination, upon the sad realities to come.

"Impossible!" he could not help saying. "Harriet is passionate, selfish, and self-willed; but not mad enough to drag down upon herself, her husband, and her children, such utter ruin as this."

But, time glided on, and Mrs. Eldridge did not make her appearance. From the domestic, her husband learned that she had left the house a little while after their angry passage of words. This strengthened his worst fears.

Faint from loss of rest, and violent mental excitement, Mr. Eldridge, who had taken no

food since the day before, felt that he must have something to keep him from sinking. There was brandy in the house; he thought of it, and acted, at once, upon the thought. The draught taken was large for him, and it brought mind and body up to a firmer tone, though reason was left obscured. It was after this stimulus was received, and while partially under its influence, that he set forth in search of his wife, and left for her, with Mrs. Weakly, his indignant ultimatum. The fact of her desertion of home, at this particular time, when their youngest child needed a mother's devoted care more than at any period since her birth, stood forth, to his mind, in such revolting deformity, that he felt her to be unworthy the name of woman. His whole nature rose up against her.

Mr. Eldridge was in this state of mind, when he returned from his hurried visit to the house of Mrs. Weakly in search of his wife. Doctor Penrose and his kind-hearted lady met him at his own door, and went up with him to the room where Katy lay. The poor child had received but few of the attentions she needed. Her room was in order—so much had been done by the mother's hands—but her bed had not been made, nor had she received any food.

A glance told Mrs. Penrose that something was wrong. She looked around the room, then at the bed, and at the child, with her damp, matted hair, and face from which water had not removed the traces of tears.

"I'm afraid this shock has been too much for Mrs. Eldridge, and that she is sick," Mrs. Penrose remarked.

"Worse than that!" Mr. Eldridge spoke in an undertone, and half to himself, though his words reached the ears of both the doctor and his wife, and startled them by their strange tone and vague significance. Neither of them felt at liberty to question farther.

"How is my little girl?" the doctor asked, in a kind, encouraging voice, as he bent over Katy, and laid his hand lightly on her forehead.

"Better," was the simple response.

Such attentions as were needed from the physician, were then given. Doctor Penrose found her in rather a feverish condition, and, upon the whole, not doing so well as he had hoped to find her. That she had been neglected, was too apparent.

Mrs. Penrose gave such personal care to the child, as her condition demanded.

"She has had no breakfast," said Mr. Eldridge, aside.

"Indeed! that must be seen to," and the doctor's wife passed quickly from the room, and went down into the kitchen.

"Katy has had nothing to eat this morning," she said to the girl, whom she found sitting by a table, resting, thereon, her great, red arms, and looking both stupid and lazy.

"Deed, and ye may say that, ma'am; it's mighty little the checkins get, when the ould hen won't scratch for 'em."

"The poor child must have some breakfast. Will you make her a piece of toast?"

"Yes, ma'am, or any thing else ye'll tell me to do for her, though she is the greatest little possessed I ever did see in me born days. But they say her back is broken. Ooh! sorra the day for her!"

Mrs. Penrose did not encourage the girl to talk; yet, for all this, by the time she had some toast and tea, and a soft-boiled egg ready for Katy, she understood, pretty distinctly, that there had been a sharp quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge, and that the latter had gone off at an early hour, and had not yet returned.

Soon after Mrs. Penrose left the sick room, Mr. Eldridge drew the doctor into the next apartment, and when they were there alone, said to him, in a grave, sad way:

"Dr. Penrose, a thing has just happened which is destined to bring disgrace upon my family, and to mar our whole future. My wife has left my house in a fit of passion."

"No—no—surely not, Mr. Eldridge!" said the doctor, startled at the announcement.

"It is too true. Let me relate to you the circumstances, just as they occurred."

And Mr. Eldridge repeated what the reader already knows, about the conduct of Mrs. Eldridge towards Katy, his own rough interference, and her subsequent withdrawal to the house of Mrs. Weakly, whither he had traced her.

"It is only an outburst of passion, and will soon be over," said the doctor.

"It must be over very soon, to avail anything," said Mr. Eldridge, resolutely. "She has tried me just beyond the point of endurance. If she returns before the sun goes down, well—she may return! But, by all that is sacred! if she is beyond my threshold at that hour, the door is closed against her forever!"

"Speak not rashly," said the doctor. "Above all, do not act rashly in so serious a business as this. Your wife, besides being blinded by passion, is in the hands, I fear, of bad advisers."

"I never was more in earnest in my life, than I am now," replied Mr. Eldridge, sternly, clenching both hands as he spoke. "Tried, for years, as few men have been tried, my whole nature is, at last, stung into revolt. I am not the man I was yesterday. Then I would have temporized, as of old, yielded, and forgiven. It is not so now; for good or evil, I am changed; and if that mad woman does not return to-day, she shall never return!"

"Think of your poor, injured child, who must have the tender, patient, never-ceasing care of a mother," said the doctor.

"That she can never have; for heaven has not blest her with a true mother." The voice of Mr. Eldridge was softer, and trembled slightly. "She has more to hope from the heart of a stranger, than from the heart of her who bore her. In all human probability, the change will be in her favor."

"But such a change must not be talked of as possible," said Dr. Penrose.

"I fear it is very possible. You do not know Harriet Eldridge as I know her."

"The kind offices of neighbors you will not reject?" said Doctor Penrose.

"I can pledge myself to nothing, doctor. Mrs. Eldridge has my ultimatum. It is with her to accept or reject. If she returns home, and acts as a wife and mother should act, all may be well. But, if the sun goes down this day, and she remain absent after that hour, her fate is sealed. I will have nothing more to do with her."

"Madness! Folly! What has come over you, my good friend?" said the doctor.

"Simply this: I am, at last, driven to the wall, and have turned upon my pursuer!"

"Doctor." It was the voice of Mrs. Penrose, calling from Katy's room. So the hurried interview ended. Mr. Eldridge descended to his office, and left the doctor and his wife alone. In about ten minutes, the former came down stairs.

"Katy must have a careful attendant," said he, on meeting Mr. Eldridge. "It will not do for her to be left alone."

"I know that, doctor; but where shall I find the right person?"

"There will be no difficulty, I presume, in procuring a nurse. As I go down the street, I will call in and see Mrs. Lamb. She is a kind soul, and will come, no doubt, for a few days. Mrs. Penrose will remain with Katy until she arrives."

The doctor passed on without further remark, leaving the unhappy man alone with his maddening thoughts.

CHAPTER XXI.

As the day wore on, the thoughts and feelings of Mr. Eldridge experienced a hundred fluctuations, though never once did he recede from his stern purpose in regard to his wife. There were times when he hoped that she would repent of her rashness, and return home ere the sun went down; and times when he desired the present separation to be eternal. He saw little to hope for in any temporary healing of the rupture. Hostile feelings would remain, and hostile acts be resumed, sooner or later. Of all this strife, ungentleness, disorder, and bickering, he was heart-weary. Already imagination had sketched for him a different, and more attractive home than the one over which his wife had ruled for years. The new-born love of Katy created a strange, vague, fluttering hope, in his over-tried heart. He still felt for her that yearning love, which had sprung into existence only a few hours before, and which gained fresh vigor every moment. He went out but once during the day, and that only for a little while. Most of the time he was walking the floor of his office, wandering restlessly about the house, or sitting beside Katy, holding one of her hands, and looking down lovingly upon her young face, that had all at once grown singularly gentle in its expression.

Meantime, Doctor Penrose and his excellent wife were doing all in their power to effect a reconciliation; or, rather, to induce Mrs. Eldridge to return home. Most of the day Mrs. Penrose passed in the company of Mrs. Eldridge and her two wrong advisers. Mrs. Weakly she succeed-

ed in partially gaining over to her side, but Mrs. Glendy never yielded her view of the case for an instant, declaring that if Mrs. Eldridge let her foot cross the threshold of her husband's door, while he maintained his present threatening attitude, she would disgrace her sex.

The only concession which Mrs. Penrose could gain from the indignant trio, was this: If Mr. Eldridge would withdraw his tyrannical ultimatum, and leave his wife free to return at any time she pleased, she might come home in a day or two—perhaps, sometime during that very evening.

Hopeless of inducing Mrs. Eldridge to recede from this position, Mrs. Penrose, accompanied by her husband, went around to see Mr. Eldridge late in the afternoon. They found him unchanged in his purpose.

"It lacks," said he, in answer to an earnest entreaty to meet, with some concession, the stubborn pride of his wrongly counselled wife—"but one hour to sunset. If she return before that time, well. If absent, the door is closed against her forever! I have said it once and again; and by all that is evil and good, I will keep my word! She says that I struck her. The charge is as false as her own heart! That is the crowning outrage. No—no, kind friends! I am deeply grateful for the interest you have taken, and shall never forget it while life lasts."

"But think of your children," urged Mrs. Penrose, feebly, for little hope of making any impression remained.

"If I have wavered at all in my purpose," was firmly answered, "the thought of my children has inspired me with new resolution. She has been no true mother, and it is best for them to be at once and forever removed from her influence."

The sun went down, and Mrs. Eldridge was still absent from the home of her husband. He had waited, in feverish restlessness, up to the fatal moment. It came, and passed.

"God help us all!"

The words fell impulsively from the lips of Mr. Eldridge, as, with a desperate effort to give force to his purpose, he shut the door of his house, and locked it with a resolute hand.

"God help us all!" he repeated, as he walked back along the passage. He had only gone a few paces, when the bell rung violently.

"Too late!" he muttered, between his teeth. "Too late! The sun has gone down, and the door is shut. Too late! Too late! God help us all!"

His manner was that of a person half insane.

The bell rung once more. The servant came to answer it, but Mr. Eldridge waved her back.

"No—no." And he shook his clenched hand towards the door. "The sun is down, and it is shut! I said that it would be so! Go your own way! The world is wide enough for both you and me. Henceforth our paths diverge!"

Mr. Eldridge stood still. The beating of his heart was audible in his own ears. All was silent as death.

"She was but a moment too late," was whis-

pered in his thoughts. "Not a moment, it may be. She has come at the time, and you must keep your word."

The heart of Mr. Eldridge began to yield; he moved a pace or two in the direction of the door, and then paused. Again the bell was rung, but more feebly. The diminished hope indicated by this less confident summons, had the right effect, and something of pity for his repentant wife was stirred in his bosom.

"It is well, perhaps," he murmured, as he kept on towards the door. His hand was on the key, and as he turned the bolts of the lock, the bell-wire rattled again, and the low sound of the distant ringing bell came faintly to his ears.

"The agony is over!" It was his mental ejaculation as he slowly opened the door; all the powers of his mind in exercise to repress the strong agitation that was nearly overmastering him.

"Has she returned?" A voice, trembling between hope and fear, asked the question.

Mr. Eldridge leaned against the door to support himself.

"Yes—yes! I am sure she has come back!" Mrs. Penrose spoke eagerly.

"She is not here?" Mr. Eldridge shook his head slowly, and there was deep sadness in his voice.

Mrs. Penrose seemed stunned. A moment or two she stood with pale cheeks, and eyes cast upon the ground. Then uttering, fervently, yet in a despairing voice—

"God help you all!" she turned away, and went hurriedly homeward.

"Amen!" came from the lips of Mr. Eldridge, as he shut the door. "Amen! God help us all!"

CHAPTER XXII.

A death in the house could not have wrought a deeper change on the inmates, than did this unhappy event. The feeling of each member towards the absent mother, was such as we feel towards the "departed." There was a strange stillness about the dwelling. William and Jacob, who had, a few times, asked where their mother was, and when she would return, ceased their enquiries, for the answers were grave and unsatisfactory, burdening their young thoughts with an oppressive mystery. Their strife ceased; their bearing was more quiet, and they talked with each other in lower tones. When they came into Katy's room, it was with noiseless steps; and when they looked into her face, new and gentler feelings moved over their young hearts. The dislike and antagonism with which they had always met her heretofore, were gone now, and something of vague wonder was in their hearts at the change. It was their sister Katy—and yet not the same Katy. They could not understand it all; but they saw her with different eyes, and felt towards her as they had never felt before.

Something was due to Mrs. Lamb, the nurse of Katy, for this milder aspect of affairs. She was a loving, gentle, wise, and right-hearted woman, and felt deep pity for the abandoned

children. The sphere of her true quality was felt by all who came near to her. No one trifled with Mrs. Lamb; yet she wore not a grave countenance. No one felt like indulging in ill-humor, or unkindly feelings towards others, when she was present; yet she rarely rebuked by words, the evil that was manifested in her presence.

The influence of such a woman, at such a time, could not fail to be for good. Wisely, yet not from thought, but in obedience to the true instincts of her character, did she adapt herself to the state of things around her. Towards the two boys, she at once manifested an interest which they felt to be genuine, and which drew them nearer to her, and gave her power over them. Particularly did she endeavor, in the beginning, to awaken in their hearts genuine pity for their little sister. This proved no difficult task, for the change in Katy had a softening influence on all who came near her.

In a few days, order reigned where everything had been disorder. Yet had there been no repression of evils with a strong hand; no formal external dispositions; no assumption of rule.

Mr. Eldridge came in and went out, a silent and, for most of the time, an apparently absent-minded man. He took but little notice of any of the children, except Katy; and to her he spoke but few words—but the tone in which these words were uttered, was very tender. And whenever he came into the chamber where she lay, something held him there so strongly, that often he had to force himself from the child's presence.

The injury which Katy had sustained, proved quite as bad as the doctor's worst apprehensions. There was a permanent displacement of one of the vertebrae, and the little girl was hopelessly deformed.

Days and weeks came and went, but the mother did not return, nor make the smallest movement towards a reconciliation. Mrs. Lamb, who had consented to take charge of Katy as a temporary arrangement, found herself becoming so necessary to the comfort and integrity of Mr. Eldridge's family, that the prospect of separation therefrom, except by something like a violent breaking away, and an abandonment of duties that it seemed imperative on her to discharge, looked, every day, more and more remote. In Katy's heart, another new love had been born—the earnest, confiding, deep love of the child for a mother. Until now, she had never known the gentle, untiring, self-devoted, tender care, with which some children are blessed from the hour consciousness dawns on their young minds. It was a new, joyful experience for her, and bound her to Mrs. Lamb with an affection that gained new strength with every hour. William and Jacob found in her a friend whose ears were always open to them, and whose hands were always ready to supply their wants; a wise counsellor and gentle harmonizer, when strife arose between them; a teacher and leader to good at all times. Gradually they came to confide in her, and soon to love her with child-like tenderness.

This great change in his household, Mr. Eldridge felt and, as far as his unhappy condition of mind would permit, enjoyed. But he was changed in passing through the recent violent strife, and not altogether for the better. The conduct of his wife he felt as a disgrace to himself and family. She had distinctly charged that he had lifted his hand against her, a falsehood that he knew half of the people in Arden believed. To strike a woman, he had always held to be the deed of a human brute. And, now, to have that last act of progressive abandonment of true manliness charged upon him, maddened or hopelessly depressed his feelings, according as opposite states of mind found rule.

Judge Gray, when he heard of the domestic trouble of Mr. Eldridge, offered him, in an earnest, friendly way, his sympathy, and such counsel as it might be in his power to give, and succeeded in drawing the unhappy man quite within the circle of his dangerous influence.

"Come and see me often," was the invariable injunction, when they separated. "I wish you to regard me as your interested friend," was often said.

Eldridge gradually lost the feeling of repulsion he had experienced towards the judge, and took more and more pleasure in the nocturnal associations and employments into which his more intimate acquaintance naturally introduced him. Craig he found an almost constant visitor at the house of Judge Gray, and the good understanding that evidently existed between them, was a fact that more than puzzled him. Could it be possible that the judge knew the real character of the man in whom he seemed to confide, and admitted to so close an intimacy? Over and over again did Mr. Eldridge ask himself this question. If this were really so, then the judge was a false and a dangerous man in the community. The conclusion was irresistible.

It was not long before Eldridge was tempted into another trial of skill with Craig. He was moved thereto by the hope of making up losses, in providing for which he had been compelled to sacrifice a piece of property, that, in a few years, would have increased in value to double the sum he obtained for it. Judge Gray was the purchaser, and Craig made no objection to receive his note of hand, payable twelve months after date, in liquidation of the lawyers debt of honor.

A few light winnings stimulated Eldridge to renewed contests; and, in the end, he was the loser again, to a serious extent. It was a rare thing, now, for him to remain at home during the evening. There was no social life there to attract him. Before his wife went away, ungenial as she contrived to make everything, he felt a certain obligation to stay at home, even if he spent the time reading, or remained in his office. He was domestic in his feelings, and home-loving; and while the wife-centre was there, he yielded to the attraction, feeble as it was. Towards Katy, his love continued to grow daily into a deeper feeling than usually

exists between a father and his child. He always went to her room first, on coming home, and rarely left the house without looking in to say a parting word, or to leave a kiss upon her lips. But he had wants and cravings beyond what his child could meet; and he went forth, evening after evening, like the dove from the ark, seeking a resting place for his heart, but finding none. Ah! if, like the dove, he had come back as innocent as when he went forth!

And so time wore on. The only change for the better was in the children, whom the passionate mother had abandoned; but who had found a wiser, truer, more loving friend than she. It was wonderful, how orderly, how gentle, how apparently unselfish they had grown; how a mild word from Mrs. Lamb would lead them instantly into obedience! Strong language, threats, angry denunciation, and even blows, had spurred them to rebellion; but, now, a gentle reproof, or mild admonition, coming to their ears in tones of love, subdued them instantly.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Of the position, purposes, and movements of his wife, Mr. Eldridge remained entirely ignorant. He made no inquiries in that direction, and no one ventured to communicate with him on a subject of so much delicacy.

For a few days, Mrs. Eldridge remained domiciled with her very particular friend, Mrs. Weakly, keeping her room all the time. Then she went to the house of Mrs. Glendy, on invitation, that she might come into closer communication with that lady, and get the benefit of her larger experience in life, and wiser counsel. That she was very unhappy, need not be told. If she had been left to herself, she would have returned home, ere the sun went down, much as pride revolted at the tyrannical threat of her husband. Under other circumstances, she would not have regarded such a threat as having in it any meaning; but she felt now that her husband's stern words were not idle utterances; and when the day closed in darkness, her troubled heart was sadly conscious that a great gulf was between her and the home from which she had gone forth in anger.

Mrs. Weakly's enthusiasm for her friend, did not continue to burn with the ardor felt in the beginning. The business of separating a wife from her husband was likely to involve more consequences than, in her thoughtlessness, she had at first imagined. In the interviews which she had held with Mrs. Penrose during the exciting day on which the Doctor's wife had used all the influence she possessed to bring about a reconciliation, many things were said that did not die in the memory of Mrs. Weakly, but presented themselves for consideration in calmer moments.

As a visiting friend, she had found Mrs. Eldridge very agreeable. She could drop in upon her, when she was in the mood, and gossip away for an hour or so, to her heart's content; her pride gratified, the while, in seeing that she was winning over to her own way of thinking a woman of some spirit, whose domestic relations were

eternal friendship. But things were considerably changed now. The day of these pleasant meetings was over. The eyes that danced in smiles were now drowned in tears; the lips that parted in merry laughter, rigid with anger, despondency, or grief; the cheerful voice veiled in sadness, or made repulsive through selfish complainings. The light heart of Mrs. Weakly grew weary under such a pressure. It was, for her, altogether a new experience. Not very long was she in coming to the conclusion that she had been something mistaken in Mrs. Eldridge; that she was a selfish, tiresome woman. From the beginning, she had not been altogether satisfied about the abandonment of her injured child, only a few hours after the sad accident which had made it a cripple for life, even though her friend acted in accordance with her own impulsive advice. The more she looked at this fact, the less did she like the aspect it presented; and, as the common sentiment, whenever it came to her ears, was in agreement with her own thoughts, the work of coldness, even to partial alienation, went steadily on.

What did Mrs. Eldridge propose doing? What were her views in regard to individual independence? What her plans for the future? These were the questions that soon began to arise in the mind of Mrs. Weakly, and she did not hesitate to press them upon her unhappy friend, much to her bewilderment, if not dismay. Every hour Mrs. Eldridge saw the sky growing darker over her head, and the way before her more uncertain.

Mrs. Glendy's enthusiasm in the case did not begin to die out as quickly as that of Mrs. Weakly. She had a strong-minded woman's grudge against the other sex, and when a good opportunity to make her power felt against any man was offered, embraced it with eagerness. The rough, imperative manner in which Mr. Eldridge interrogated her, on his recent visit to her house in search of his wife, had excited her indignation, and left her mind in a condition to believe almost anything that was charged against him as a domestic tyrant. She was, therefore, prepared to give Mrs. Eldridge aid and comfort in her warfare against tyranny, and to make her house, at least for a time, a place of refuge for the oppressed. So, in a few days, Mrs. Eldridge passed from the dwelling of Mrs. Weakly to that of Mrs. Glendy. In parting from Mrs. Weakly, she had a humiliating consciousness that the lady felt herself relieved by the change—and this was true.

Weeks glided by, every succeeding day throwing a veil of deeper sobriety over the feelings of Mrs. Eldridge. Long ere this, she had believed that overtures of reconciliation would come from her husband; long ere this, she had looked for and desired such overtures.

But about care- telli from th won temp now ear Katy been door spok vary stro her Li of M rebu the Oh, h hour she been shut W not answ back othe Fath befor had might to he a wic about had since as he place Aunt name and were dawn wom Margr add Mr. Glen occur tors She prese she h even occu and tion stood had comp cupa take small On

But they came not. Mrs. Weakly, who moved about all the while among the people of Arden, carefully gathered up for her friend all the intelligence about her family that was floating from lip to lip. The unvarying testimony was, that under the care of the good Mrs. Lamb, wonderful changes were being wrought in the temper and conduct of the children, and that, now, peace and order reigned, where once the ear was forever jarred by sounds of discord. Katy was still in bed, and the worst that had been feared for her was inevitable. She was doomed to be a cripple for life. But every one spoke in admiration of her patience; of the unvarying gentleness of her temper; and of the strong affection that was growing up between her and her father.

Like sharp stings came all this to the heart of Mrs. Eldridge; for selfish pride felt it as a rebuke, and the fact would, she saw, make, in the common mind, an impression against her. Oh, how many times, in her lonely and sleepless hours, did she wish herself back in the home she had so madly deserted! But the door had been shut against her, and she felt that it was shut forever.

What of the future? Ah, that question could not be set aside! But how was it to be answered? What resources had she to fall back upon? Where was she to go? What other home had she in the wide, wide world? Father and mother had passed, many years before, into the other world. Her only sister had stepped aside from the ways of virtue, and might, for all she knew, long since have departed to her account. An aunt, the sister of her father, a widow in humble life, resided in a small village about sixty miles from Arden. This aunt she had not seen, nor held any communication with, since childhood; and, now, the thought of her, as her mind groped about for some friend and place of refuge, brought no quicker heart-beat. Aunt Margaret! Yes, that was the old lady's name. Mrs. Eldridge had almost forgotten it; and the image and character of her relative were quite as indistinct as her name. No light dawned in that direction; and the unhappy woman, after thinking a little while about Aunt Margaret, put the thought of her aside, feeling sadder than before.

Mrs. Eldridge had been in the house of Mrs. Glendy only a short time, when some things occurred that startled her. A good many visitors came and went, particularly in the evening. She saw none of these, for the reason of her presence in the house was also a reason why she kept herself entirely secluded. During the evening, she rarely saw Mrs. Glendy, who was occupied with company. The voices of men and women were heard in the hum of conversation up to a late hour. Mrs. Eldridge understood pretty clearly the meaning of this; for she had a very distinct remembrance of certain company she had met there, and of certain occupations that engaged them. She had herself taken a hand at cards, and lost and won several small sums of money.

One day, not very long after Mrs. Eldridge's

removal to the house of Mrs. Glendy, she was sitting alone in a small parlor, on the second story, where she felt entirely free from all intrusion, when she was surprised by hearing the steps of a man ascending the stairs. The blood rushed back to her heart, and she felt, for a moment or two, as if she would suffocate. Could it be her husband! Along the passage came the footsteps, slow but firm. The door was opened and the man Craig, whom she had met at Mrs. Glendy's once or twice, came in! He paused, after advancing a few feet into the room, saying—

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, for this intrusion; but I have a word or two to say, that you may be glad to hear."

There was a blending of respect and familiarity in his manner. Mrs. Eldridge arose, hastily, her face flushing, and her manner confused.

"Where is Mrs. Glendy?" she asked.

"In the parlor, with company. I would not have ventured upon this apparent rudeness, had she not been engaged. Be seated, madam. I have only a word or two to say."

And he came a step or two nearer.

"I have seen your husband, and held a long conversation with him. Many things that were said, I cannot repeat. But there are some remarks that were made, touching yourself, that I feel it imperative upon me to communicate—if you will hear them."

The color receded from the face of Mrs. Eldridge; and, for want of strength to stand, she dropped back into the chair from which she had arisen.

"Your husband is very bitter against you."

Craig, as he made this remark, quietly seated himself a few feet from Mrs. Eldridge, and leaned towards her, with his evil eyes fixed upon her countenance. She did not reply, for surprise kept her silent.

"I have met Mr. Eldridge a number of times since the late unhappy event, and he has talked with me freely as a friend. We are on terms of close intimacy, and have been for years. I know his whole heart."

Craig paused to note the effect of his words, still keeping his eyes upon the face of Mrs. Eldridge.

"I cannot approve his action in the present case," he went on, "and I have not hesitated to tell him so freely, at the risk of giving offence."

The chair of Craig was drawn a little nearer, and his tone fell to a lower key. Mrs. Eldridge sat, immovable, with her eyes upon the floor; but, it was plain to be seen, listening eagerly.

"To-day, we talked the matter over again, and I insisted that he should come to you, and have all differences at once and forever reconciled."

The eyes of Mrs. Eldridge were lifted quickly to the face of the visitor, but the look she encountered, checked, for an instant, the beating of her heart, and sent a low shudder through her frame.

"But," added Craig, with affected indignation,

"he remained as hard as granite, and as immovable as the mountains. Nothing but your utter humiliation, madam, will satisfy him. You must come to him!" There was contempt in the man's tones.

One point was gained. The tempter succeeded in arousing the pride of Mrs. Eldridge. The angry blood came back to her pale face, flushing it to a scarlet hue.

"But," added Craig, in a lower voice, "I have felt it but a common duty to bear to you even this information, hard as it is. There are vital interests at stake. This estrangement and separation must not continue. One of you must yield first. As he remains so stubborn, so haughty, so self-determined, the overtures for reconciliation had better come from you; and I am here now to suggest this course of action."

"Never!" exclaimed Mrs. Eldridge, passionately. "Never! If he expects to humiliate Harriet Eldridge, he will find himself in the end largely mistaken. I thought he knew me better."

"So did I; and I told him so. But nothing less than submission will satisfy his lordly nature. I am out of all patience with the man!"

"He will never be satisfied to the end of his life," replied Mrs. Eldridge, in a voice that was hoarse with indignation.

"While I must admire your spirit," said Craig, in an insinuating voice, "I cannot but counsel a more yielding temper on your part. This separation ought not to continue—must not continue. It is cursing both your lives. For the sake of your husband—"

"Enough sir! I thank you for the good office you have undertaken; but influence in this direction is hopeless, if there is to be no movement towards concession on the other side."

"There certainly will be none, madam. I know your husband and his views too completely, to leave me any room for hope."

"Very well," said Mrs. Eldridge, resolutely. "My pride and endurance are quite equal to his, as he will find, it may be, to his sorrow."

"He says," remarked Craig, affecting to speak with some indifference of manner, "that your absence has changed nothing at home for the worse. That, in fact, everything goes on in a pleasanter, more orderly manner, and that the children have acquired new characters since you left. He seems charmed with the rule of that soft, gentle, insinuating Mrs. Lamb, a woman I never did like. She has the noiseless, stealthy tread of a cat!"

The desired effect was produced. The words of Craig stung the spirit of Mrs. Eldridge into temporary madness. All the darker passions of her nature were aroused.

"Mrs. Lamb!" She ejaculated in a tone of bitter contempt.

"Yes, Mrs. Lamb." The manner in which Craig repeated the name, increased, instead of allaying the wild disturbance of mind he had aimed to create; and in doing which he had been entirely successful.

"Was she a frequent visitor at your house?" he enquired, in a voice of covert meaning.

"No." Was strongly answered.

"Mrs. Eldridge." Craig's manner suddenly underwent an entire change. He spoke in a low, serious tone of voice, and leaned nearer as he spoke. "I wish you to regard me in this matter as a friend. My attachment for your husband first interested me in the case, and, at the outset, hearing only his side of the story, I must confess that I thought you altogether to blame. From his own showing, I was at first led to question this conclusion, and the moment I began to question, my eyes were opened. A woman cannot bear everything."

"No, Mr. Craig; not if she have in her the true spirit of a woman," said Mrs. Eldridge, indignantly.

"So I have said to him. But he disgusted me with his answer. 'A wife must obey,' he answered."

"Obey! Give me patience!" The excited woman stamped upon the floor.

"You may well say, 'Give me patience!' The voice of Craig was not meant to soothe the irritation he had occasioned. "As I have just remarked, a woman cannot bear everything, and should not."

There was a pause of some moments. Mrs. Eldridge sat with her eyes upon the floor, while Craig gazed on her intently.

"You will not concede anything?" said the tempter.

"Nothing! He will find in me no variability, nor shadow of turning. I will be iron towards him, unless he bend first."

"I like your spirit, but fear the consequences."

"I have great endurance, Mr. Craig. You may cut me into pieces; but I will not yield my purpose."

"I see, then, no present hope of a reconciliation."

"I fear there is none," said Mrs. Eldridge.

"What, then, of the future?" Craig asked the question in a way that threw the mind of Mrs. Eldridge into entire confusion. Alas! How dark was all the future. She did not answer, but sat, as before, with her eyes cast down.

"Have you relatives?" enquired Craig, "to whom you can go in your present unhappy extremity?"

Mrs. Eldridge shook her head. Had she looked up suddenly into the face that was bending nearer, she would have seen a ray of satisfaction glancing over its unpleasant outlines.

"No tried friends?"

"None."

A bright gleam shot over the countenance of Craig.

"Mrs. Glendy is a noble-minded woman; you will find her a true friend. I know how deeply she feels for your wrongs."

"I am under great obligations for her disinterested kindness," said Mrs. Eldridge, mournfully.

"You may trust her implicitly."

Almost unperceived by Mrs. Eldridge, Craig had continued to draw the chair upon which he was seated, nearer and nearer; and now, as he uttered the last sentence, he laid his hand upon her arm. The touch sent a thrill of repulsion through her whole being, and she sprung to her feet, with a sudden impulse, stepping back a pace or two, and exclaiming:

"Leave me, sir, this instant!"

"Mrs. Eldridge"—Craig also started to his feet, for the sudden, indignant movement of Mrs. Eldridge, had surprised him almost as much as his act of familiarity had surprised the lady.

"Leave me, sir!" The words were repeated in a stern voice.

"But, my dear madam—"

Mrs. Eldridge waved her hand imperatively. "If you do not leave the room instantly, I will call down to Mrs. Glendy."

But Craig, who was recovering from his first surprise, showed no disposition to obey. He only receded some distance from the indignant woman, and assumed a respectful manner.

"Take your chair, Mrs. Eldridge," he said coolly. "My earnestness in your cause, as the unhappy wife of a friend highly regarded, but in error, has led me to a seeming familiarity where none was intended. I do not leave, as you command me to do, on the instant, because I am anxious to serve you, and will not let feeling come in to paralyze my good purposes. Calm yourself!"

Mrs. Eldridge, seeing that the man purposed to remain, and having no further desire to listen to anything he might have to say, went quickly from the room, and passed to her own private apartment, where she locked herself in.

She had been alone for some twenty minutes, when there was a light tap on her door.

"Who is there?" she called.

"Mrs. Eldridge!" It was the voice of Mrs. Glendy.

The door was opened instantly, and Mrs. Glendy stepped into the room. Her face wore a pleasant aspect. As she took the chair offered her by Mrs. Eldridge, she said, smiling:

"What has my good friend, Mr. Craig, been saying to offend you? He tells me that he has been so unfortunate as, unwittingly, to arouse your indignation against him."

"He presumed upon a familiarity that no gentleman would venture to take under the circumstances. The act of coming, unannounced, to the room where I believed myself free from intrusion was, in itself, an outrage."

O, dear! no, Mrs. Eldridge! It was the thoughtless act of an earnest-minded man, over eager to serve you. I was engaged at the time, and could not come up with him. He would have waited until I was disengaged, but I urged him to see you, saying, that I knew you too well to fear for his right reception. Indeed, Mrs. Eldridge, you have entirely misapprehended him. Mr. Craig is a man of unselfish impulses, and has taken up your cause in the warmest manner. I cannot tell you how deeply grieved he is, that you should have misconceived his intentions."

Mrs. Eldridge was silent.

"He is still here," added Mrs. Glendy. "Will you see him in my presence?"

"No," was the firm answer.

A shade of disappointment dimmed the face of Mrs. Glendy.

"You are not in earnest, my dear Mrs. Eldridge."

"I am entirely so. The man's conduct admits of no excuse."

"O, dear!" laughed Mrs. Glendy, "what a strange body you are! Well, well; you'll see better in time, and, in the end, know your friends better. You will not give Mr. Craig an opportunity to explain himself?"

"Not to-day. My feelings are too much disturbed, and my mind in too great confusion."

"A reason that Mr. Craig must receive as valid," said Mrs. Glendy, cheerfully. "The man hasn't much tact," she added, "but he is all right at heart. I know him like a book."

Excusing herself, in a little while, Mrs. Glendy left the apartment, and Mrs. Eldridge was again alone. There was something in the manner of Mrs. Glendy, during this short interview, that left a vaguely unpleasant impression on her mind—something that was like the lifting of a veil, giving a sudden glimpse of things erst hidden from sight, yet too brief for distinct vision. Her earnest apology for Craig did not remove a single feeling of repulsion from the mind of Mrs. Eldridge, but rather involved the apologist. Why should *she* take up the man's case so warmly?

"I have indeed fallen upon evil days," murmured the wretched woman, as clouds drew thicker around her. "Where am I, and whither am I going?"

But there came no answer to questions that intruded themselves unbidden, and almost clamored for a reply.

What of the future? No echo came back from the impenetrable darkness beyond.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOVE.—The imperishable, inexhaustible, unapproachable nature of love is shown in this—that all the millions of love stories that have been written, have not one whit abated the immortal interest that there is in the rudest and stupidest love story. All the rest of the wretched thing may be the most dismal trawdle, but you can't help feeling a little interest, when you have once taken up the book, as to whether Arabella will ultimately relent in favor of Augustus; and whether that wicked creature, man or woman, who is keeping them apart, will not soon be disposed of, somehow.

HE THAT flings the colorings of a peevish temper on things around him, will overlay with it the most blessed sunshine that ever fell on terrestrial objects; and make them reflect the hues of his own heart; whereas, he whose soul flings out of itself the sunshine of a benevolent disposition, will make it gild the darkest places with a heavenly light.



Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

THE HOUR SAVED.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"How long will it be before we go, Miss Lee?" and little, restless Blanche Hope came and laid her rosy cheek on my shoulder, while half-eagerly, half-petulantly, she asked the question.

"It will be just an hour, my dear," glancing up at the tiny clock on the mantel. "You know, papa said he would be here at three precisely, and its only two now."

"A whole hour! Oh! it will be so long to wait, and I've nothing in the world to do, but just stand here at the window, and watch for the carriage, or else count sixty every minute, and that's so dreadful dull. Now, Miss Lee, if you'll only go to the piano, and play 'The Old Sexton' for me? Do, please?"

I glanced into the sweet, pleading face, and it was very hard to refuse her. But there was no help for it. I had promised the washer-woman's little girl she should have the white dress to sing in at the concert that evening, and Blanche's father had insisted I should ride out to the blackberry fields, with the family, that afternoon.

So, after all, little Nora must go without the pretty head-dress I had designed for her, of white buds and geranium leaves. I was very glad I had said nothing about it to the child.

"No, Blanche, I can't strike a key for you this afternoon, for I must get Nora's dress finished before papa comes, or there'll be no blackberries for me this afternoon."

"Well, what shall I do then? It's so hard to wait."

"I know 'tis, little girl—harder than anything in the world. There is something you might do, though, that would make the hour pass very swiftly, and very pleasantly, too, I think."

"What is it? what is it?" the bright face all aglow.

"Get your thimble, and sit down by me, and hem Nora's skirt. You did that handkerchief

so neatly, yesterday, I am quite willing to trust you. Come, Blanche, be a brave girl, and say you'll try."

"Oh! I can't, Miss Lee. You see, I shall be thinking about the ride all the time, and how glorious it will be to fill our baskets with the berries, and to race through the long field grass; and then we shall drive round to Widow Blake's old brown house, and such a nice supper as we'll be sure to get there! Then I'll go out in the barn-yard, and help feed the chickens, and see them milk the cows, and hear the white geese cackle, and see the turkeys stretch up their long, black necks so comically! How much time has gone now, Miss Lee?"

"Three minutes, and you have fifty-seven on your hands, Blanche."

"Fifty-seven!" sighed the little girl, as if this were a most terrible weight on her mind. "What shall I do?"

Then I told her of the pretty wreath I had projected for Nora, and how the little girl's black eyes would sparkle under the white blossoms, and how, if the skirt were only hemmed, I should have time to make the wreath before Mr. Hope returned.

Blanche was a warm-hearted little girl, though much petting had made her something of a spoiled child.

"Well, I guess I'll go and get my needle-book," she said, at last, evidently considering herself a great martyr in the cause of charity.

A few moments later, Blanche Hope sat on a stool, at my feet, sewing away, very diligently, on the white muslin, that had been the one subject of Nora's waking and sleeping dreams for the last month. I remember that we chatted pretty briskly, at first, about the ride and the good time we were going to have; but, at last, we must have become absorbed in our work, for we only occasionally exchanged a word or a smile.

"Come, come, girls, put up that work this

minute, and jump into the carriage. I expected you'd be all ready. Where's mother, Blanche?" and Mr. Hope broke in suddenly upon us, just as his daughter was placing the last stitch in the dress, and I the last flower in the wreath.

"Why, papa, who ever thought of seeing you so quick!" broke up Blanche's surprised voice. "You said you wouldn't be here till three o'clock."

"Well, puss," patting her under the chin, "just look at that clock, and tell me what time it is, if you can. Why, I expected to find you in a fever of impatience at the gate, instead of which, it proves to be a fit of industry in Miss Lee's room. Very well! if my little daughter don't want to go and ride with her papa, I know of a nice little girl who would be very glad to."

Blanche knew perfectly well, by the half-arch, half-playful smile hovering about her father's mouth, just how much this meant, as she answered:

"No you won't, papa. You know you wouldn't exchange your little Blanche for the best girl in the world."

"Now, just hear what a vain little parrot she is," said her father, as he caught his fair child, a moment, in his arms, and then bade her trot off for her bonnet, if she wanted to pick any blackberries that afternoon. But before she went, Blanche stopped to whisper in my ear: "I'm so glad, Miss Lee, I hemmed that skirt! It made the hour go so much quicker, and Nora'll have the wreath, now!"

What a ride we had that afternoon! I can't begin to recount half its pleasant sights and experiences.

We piled our baskets to the brim with great, shining berries; we gathered our hands full of wild roses, and, afterwards, we visited the frog pond, and the old mill.

Then, the supper we had at Widow Blake's, realized Blanche's predictions; and the visit to the barn-yard, among the poultry and chickens, was, I believe, the cap-sheaf of that young lady's happiness.

"Well, we reached home, just after sundown, in high spirits. Nora was there, her round, good-humored face elongated into something like solemnity, in view of wearing a white dress, and singing at a concert.

But when she was duly attired in this, the wreath placed on her head, and we led her to the mirror to behold her revolutionized self, the child's astonishment and admiration expressed themselves in her very original similitude:

"Shure, ma'am," her eyes growing rounder and blacker all the time. "I'm as handsome, every bit, as the angels over the altar at our church."

And Blanche clapped her hands and danced wildly about her, and then put up her little, rosy mouth to my ear, and whispered:

"Oh! I am so glad I hemmed the skirt."

And will she not be very glad, too, little children, when she meets it in the kingdom of Heaven—"the hour saved?"

THE GOOD DOG AND BAD BOY.

My neighbor keeps a noble Newfoundland dog in his store, to guard it in the night. Not long since, I was passing his store about mid-day, when he came out with Towser at his heels, and a pail in his hand. He told Towser to take the pail and carry it to the house, a few rods across the way. The dog did not whine over the command, nor curl his tail, and refuse to go; no, not he. He obeyed at once, took the pail in his mouth, and away he went to the house. I watched him, to see how well he fulfilled his master's orders. The door was closed, so he sat down on the piazza, and awaited a welcome. Five minutes passed, and no one opened the door; yet the dog was patient and faithful. Five minutes more passed, and just as I was about to leave, he was seen from the window, and admitted with his charge. Faithful dog, thought I, never to refuse obedience, or wait for the second bidding.

Then I thought of little Willie S——, who said to his mother in my presence: "No, I can't do it; let Ned go—he is not doing any thing."

"Willie!" exclaimed his mother, in a commanding tone; "go and bring that wood immediately; don't let me have to tell you again."

The little fellow was mending his cart, but he dropped his hammer, now that he saw there was no escape, and started. "I always have the wood to bring," he muttered, as he left the room. He obeyed very reluctantly. He went pouting and murmuring after the wood, and when he returned, he threw it into the box with a violence that threatened to break it to pieces. His mother looked ashamed and heart-sick. I pitied her from the depths of my soul. Think of it. Her son was less obedient than the dog; for the dog went cheerfully, wagging his bushy tail, and lifting his head, as if to say, "I obey."

Learn a good lesson from the example of the dog, and never let it be said of you, "Towser is more obedient than Willie."—*Merry's Museum.*

FANCIFUL DEFINITIONS

OF THE SAYING, "TIT FOR TAT."

Proving yourself as great a fool as your antagonist.

The primitive idea of justice.

Six of one for half-a-dozen of another.

A tournament in which the wisest wins.

A lady returning a stolen kiss.

A plea for revenge.

Obtaining an article on credit for which you have no intention of paying, and finding, when you arrive at home, that you have had your pocket picked.

A favorite game with children, and too often popular with those of an older growth.

Our old nature demanding "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."

Robbing a thief.

Mother's Department.

LITTLE RUTH.

"Ruthe, Ruthe, there, don't touch the berries. It will be tea-time soon, then you shall have some in the new china cup, with the flower-girl on one side; and——"

"But I don't want to wait till supper time. I want 'em now, I say," answered the little one, stamping her feet, and pouting her red lips, and striving, vainly, to reach with her small hands the glass dish, which, piled high with tempting blackberries, stood on the table.

"Now, do be still, Ruthe. You bother my life out of me! I wish you'd go away, and do as I bid you."

The mother's tone was half coaxing, half querulous—just such an one as would be likely to have no effect at all.

"I won't go away till you give me the berries, mamma," cried the child louder and more determined than ever, her pretty face darkening with passion, as she pulled her mother's sleeve.

"They'll stain your fingers and lips, so you won't be fit to appear at the table," expostulated Mrs. Malcolm, as she sprinkled a new layer of sugar on the top of the berries.

"Now, here's a nice piece of sponge cake—" "I won't touch it, I tell you!" and the little one passionately struck away her mother's hand, then throwing herself on the floor commenced kicking and screaming vociferously.

"Oh, dear! you'll drive me mad, you naughty girl! You deserve to be whipped. Do get up and take these, and be off with you," and she held up a table-spoonful of the berries.

Ruth rose, shaking back her bright curls, and holding out her small hands for the berries.

"Now mind you don't get any stains on that white apron, because Uncle Harry's coming to tea," was the mother's last injunction, as the child ran off triumphantly.

"Oh! Mrs. Malcolm, how could you?" It was certainly no business of mine, but the thought framed itself into words almost involuntarily.

"Well, what can I do?" was the mother's half pettish, half apologetic reply. "Ruth is such a high spirited creature that it's a dreadful task to conquer her—more than my nerves can endure, at any rate. She'll come out of it all one of these days, I trust."

Poor mother! what a "too late" was she not laying up for her future!

An hour later, Ruth and I walked together in the garden. It was just after sunset, and the west was sheeted over with gorgeous purple clouds, while the wind stirred coldly among the

raspberry vines which flanked either side of the garden walk. Little Ruth had a very impressive nature, and now she held fast to my hand, and her little feet pattered softly by my side, while she listened very attentively to the story I was telling her.

I forgot her fierce, passionate temper, her rude, saucy ways, as I looked down on the little, bright head, and thought what a fine, generous, impulsive nature God had given the fair child, and how it only needed judicious guiding and training to make it a joy and a blessing to all about it, but alas! alas! how was the evil growing in that young heart, and she whose great right and blessed privilege it was to pluck it therefrom—alas! alas!

Suddenly the child raised her eyes to my face, and something of the sorrowful tenderness my heart was feeling, must have been written there; for she asked, anxiously, "What makes you look so sad. I love you," and as I leaned down, she drew her little arms around my neck, and kissed my cheek with her cool, moist lips.

Suddenly there was a little stir among the current bushes on our right. The child's head was lifted in a moment, and a quick change came over her face.

"What is it, Ruthe?" I asked.

"That little errand girl that lives with Miss Holmes has got at our currants again. You see she can just put her hand through the fence to pick them. There she goes now. Oh, if I could only catch her, I'd strike her and pound her till she couldn't stand!" You would have thought so, if you could have seen the clenched hands, and the angry blood flashing into the child's face.

"Oh, Ruthe! that is very wicked. Don't say it. You might tell the little girl it was wrong to take the currants, but you wouldn't strike her, I hope; for that would grieve your Father in Heaven."

"I don't believe it would either," quickly answered the child—"for I told mamma I would do so, yesterday; and she only laughed, and said to Aunt Jane—'Now, don't she look cunning?'—I guess my ma knows."

"Perhaps she didn't think or pay attention, dear." It was all I could say. I could not tell little Ruthe that her mother was wrong, so I only sighed a sigh that ended in a prayer that God would keep the evil from growing in the heart of the little child.

Oh, mothers! behold and consider how great a work God hath given you to do!

V. F. T.

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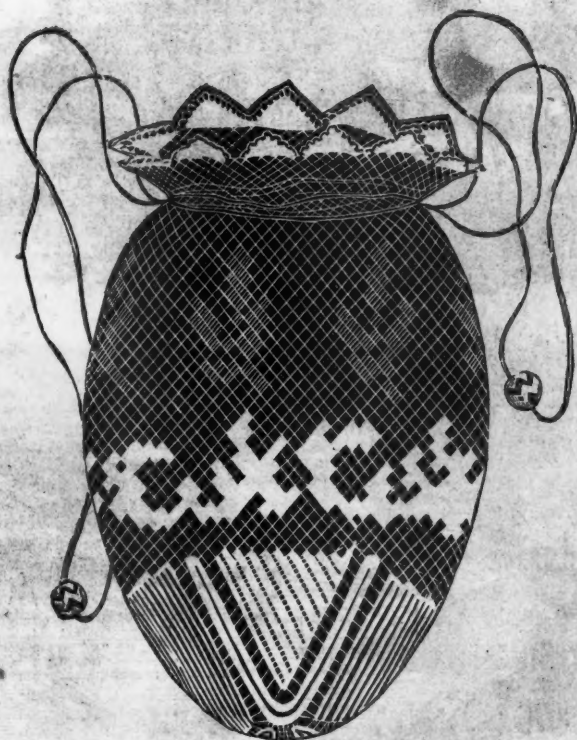
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PLAYING MOTHER.



FILIGREE PURSE.

Materials.—A reel of Sole d'Avignon, two skeins of gold thread, a little white and cerise crocket silk, and passementerie trimmings. Use a very fine steel mesh.

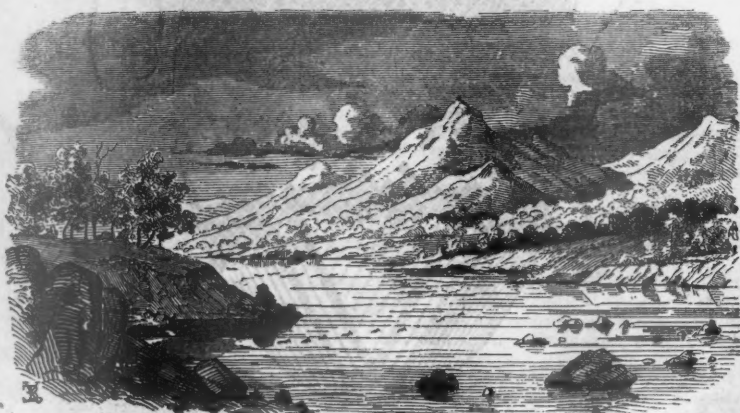
Fill the needle with the sole d'Avignon, and net four stitches. Now, do two in each, beginning with the first, so as to form a round. In the next round, work one in stitch, and two in the next all round. In the third do two in every third stitch, and one in each of the others. In the fourth, do two in every fourth, and continue so until there are sixty-four holes in the round, after which work, without increasing, forty-two rounds. Take a mesh twice as large, and net one round. Then with the small mesh take the second stitch through the first, net it, and then the first. Repeat as with these two stitches all round. Do three plain rounds. Then repeat the round with the large mesh, and all the subsequent ones. Then terminate the purse with the vandyke edge, which is made by

netting backwards and forwards on seven stitches until there are only two. When the whole top is thus finished in points, net all round them with a stitch on every stitch. Now, damp the netting slightly (which will not in the least deteriorate the sole d'Avignon) and stretch it out over a round-ended tumbler to dry. Now, darn up both sides of each line of the star at the bottom of the purse in gold, and and darn a triangular piece, between every two alternately in cerise and white. The arabesques above this are gold; the flowers, cerise; the points alternately gold, white, and cerise. The chords are run in the largest round. We have named green as the ground for this purse, but black, cerise, and Napoleon blue, and other colors, are equally suitable, and then other shades may be substituted, if desired, for white or cerise.

VIEWS IN THE FAR WEST.



FIRST METHODIST MISSION IN OREGON.



NEBRASKA OR PLATTE RIVER.



WILLAMETTE PLAINS—MORMON SETTLEMENT.

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